Bruce Baillie 669 West Kodiak Avenue Camano Island, WA 98292 February 17, 1993

Mr. Bill Clinton, President Washington DC

dear Mr. President,

Our family applauds your address. Excellent in every way. Thank you for your efforts on our behalf and for a good beginning. Take care of yourself. You are in a very particular place historically, as you know, and it promises to be trying.

This is a note, as briefly as possible, to recall to your attention the 30's programs of FDR which encouraged American artists to participate in the national rebuilding effort alongside of those employed on highway and bridge improvements, forest management, etc.

Our world seems more than anything to need a sense of connection with itself; this is very much the province of artists - art, poetry appealing implicitly to the human spirit, prior to, one might say, all the external attentions of everyday life. Putting artists, who have to a large extent existed as marginal persons in our society, to work again in a creative domestic corps of sorts would not be that far afield of the current plans. Artistic effort might once again find its place (which is in the doing) rather than remain submerged in our society while mere commercialized pap obtains as our essentially misinformed source of self imagery.

If we will have our renaissance it must be inspired - informed by/through our higher aspirations, along with the necessary attentions to material, utilitarian needs. If we are to have this revival it must be recorded in so many ways, not only for posterity (archeologically what remains of us will be from the efforts of our artists) but for the immediate present: Imagery which offers us our own view of reality, our common destiny, our course as a people through the unique shaping of events in this era. Film and video artists might, for example, be sent out into a greatly varied land, their images reaching our millions by television broadcast. An example, incidentally, of business and individual, creative enterprise working together - and with education, which clearly must begin again to encourage the creative in children, too often in our age lost by the time one is seven or eight.

With such encouragement offered to our creative artists, along with your other long-awaited proposals aimed at a higher quality of life, there can be hope in knowing ourselves, reducing the tensions between eachother, making more useful (knowledgable) decisions locally, etc. - a sense of loving could emerge in facing problems often left to simple prejudice, convenience and self service.

And so on - you see the idea, the need. Specifically, the details need working artists as advisors, not industrial or political nor academic people.

I've just explained to our four-year old daughter why we were quiet and attentive tonight during your address, and about her dad's letter to you as a part of a common concern with working together to make a good life in the future ahead. So that there might still be trees and clean air and water, affordable houses in reasonable neighborhood environments, loving teachers and friendly citizens in our lives, tolerance for others, etc.

Bra Bailli

Sincerely yours,.

Bouce Baillie

The Holy Scrolls*
Unfinished films

from the archives of *Bruce Baillie*

Dedicated to Paul Tulley, DSO, DFC, fisherman, poet and gent. 1-24-32 - 10-19-96.

This will be the first time many of these reels and the series of *Romance* rolls will have been out of their box, buried for years beneath a pile of teddy bears, books, bedding - traveling between NY, CA and WA States. As well, the first time *Roslyn Romance (Is it Really True?) Intro I & II* will have been shown with much of the subsequent material. The finished *Intro* was edited at Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, mid 70's.

Day Ashore, 1966, was shot in Berkeley with a rented Arriflex B sync camera and recorder, thanks to the NEA, using tri-X negative. A combination of documentary and occasional, pure fiction. This film never projected for an audience.

There are, in the fourth program, several other never completed, shorter films from the mid 60's, photographed in Mexico, etc.

Roslyn Romance began in Roslyn, Washington, early 70's, after Quick Billy (shot in Fort Bragg, CA, edited in Houston while filling in at Rice University for James Blue), and continues in film, video, radio, photography and writing to the present and perhaps beyond. The Rolls (100-feet 16mm, 2 & 1/2 minutes), reels and sound tapes are a continuing reportage "via the detail of everyday life, in the Light which animates, illumines, unifies all life, living and loving." The last 'movement' of my final work, Memoires of an Angel, is entitled, Light."

"I was never able to keep up with it - I no longer live in my VW. At least, some thirty years later, we can see the rough-edited workprint. Apologies for the absence of sound and of - in many instances - a feel for the context and meaning intended in these myriad reels; much of it was conceived to be dependent upon literal, journal/notes or commentary in the form of the film titling style of early cinema. All of the notes and tapes are in archival storage, labeled, dated, etc."

CONTINUED

*A title suggested by Paul Arthur.

The Cardinal's Visit is a full-length narrative, costume drama with sync sound, medieval style titling, and so on - a final part to the Romance. Filmed in Eastman color negative, 1980, Upstate New York, continuing in Olympia, Washington. Working with numerous friends and day-to-day inspiration for characterization and plot from a constantly changing script.

75,000 B.C. Early Orphan

Here's some lonely hunter
looking for the last mastodon
naturally endangered
and locked into a
frozen tango
tracking night
and day
Explorers trail buddies
no one else would
go this way

Jan. 82

Tulley (for BB)

PROGRAM I

Video notes from the filmmaker. 10-minutes. 1998.

Roslyn Romance (Is it Really True?) Intro I & II. 18-minutes. 1972 - 75.

Reel II (*Romance*). 30-minutes. 5-72 - 8-73. Roslyn, WA. *Il Direttore* (excerpt). With Ed Hugetz & Marilyn Fortesque. *Rolls*. 9-72 - 2-73. *Wheat*. 8-73.

Spokane River. 25-minutes. 6-74.

Reel III. 30-minutes. 12-73 - 7-75.

Roslyn, Berkeley, AZ, NM, NY, Kansas (enroute Aspen).

PROGRAM II (Roslyn Romance, continuing)

Mosebar's. 18-minutes. 7-74.

Aspen. Aspen Martial Arts Academy. 38-minutes. 7-75.

Reel IV. 30-minutes. 1977.

Tivoli, NY; Aberdeen, SD - Mrs. Spellman's.

Roslyn Wedding - Sunshine (cow friend) and
Gigi. Wilder Bentley's, northern CA.

Reel IV-A. 23-minutes. 1977.

Tung, SF, northern CA, Upstate NY. CONTINUED

Reel V. 30-minutes. 3-76 - 8-83.

Bard College, Tucson (Russian flu, death of a friend),
Oklahoma - NY. *Carburetor* #1 & 2. Dog ads.

PROGRAM III

Rokeby (NY). 35-minutes. Spring, 1975. With thanks to Ricky and Anya Aldrich.

Reel VI. 45-minutes. 1972 - 76.

Washington dancers, Roslyn, NY (Bard shed - converted waterpump building where I lived in the woods while employed at the college). The creation of *Dr. Bish*, Pittsburg, Roger Jacoby & Ondine and Gigi Alvare'.

Reel VI-A. 12-minutes. 10-73. *The Pittsburg Report* - tales of Sally's (Sally Dixon, Robert Haller, Kenneth Anger, James Blue).

The Cardinal's Visit (Reel A). 50-minutes. 1980 - With Elliot Caplan, Holly Thomas, Michael Kriegsman, Gladys Baillie, Ricky Aldrich, Brian Gale, Loton Springstead, Robert del Tredici, Madrone Whelan, Kathy Gardineer, Peter Wahlberg, and Don Gray.

Titles by Bonnie Jones. Thanks to the NEA. Costumes by The Performance Group, NYC.

Titled segments:

The Cardinal's Reverie, The Bishop's Anguish, Assignation in the Chapel, Dilemma of the Vehicle (i.e., the Cloth), CONTINUED

The Cardinal's Peaches, Letter from the Vatican, Last Ride, L'Hermitage, Too Many Miracles, To be Continued.

Dedicated to James Blue.

PROGRAM IV

The Cardinal's Visit (Reel B). 54-minutes. 1980 Detail reel, including more Rokeby material, "Fr. Ricky's former life", the filmmaker as narrator, and other detail not contained in Reel A.

Reel I. 30-minutes. 1967 - 69.

Parts of four unfinished films:

Licho (Chapala, Jalisco, Mexico. Photographed during the same period as, *Valentin de las Sierras*).

Julio en Chapala.

Morning Star. (Lou Gottlieb's commune near Santa Rosa, CA. I edited most of my films here, living in the woods with my dog, Mamma under a canvas tarp with kerosene lamp and sleeping bag).

Italian Romance. Short excerpt with Tung, Caspar & Ft. Bragg, Ca. (All My Life and, Quick Billy).

Reel I-A. 7-minutes. 1966. More *Morning Star.* (Pam).

Reel VIII. 30-minutes. 1978.

Peter Spellman's, Camarillo, CA. Berkeley.

Reel VII-A. 12-minutes. 1975. Roslyn - Berkeley.

PROGRAM V

(Repeat) Video notes from the filmmaker. 1998.

Day Ashore. 110-minutes. 1966.
Six reels. With Paul Tulley, Deirdre, Ross, Gladys
Baillie and Norman de Vall.

Concluding: A recent video, the continuing *Romance*!

May, 2000. 10-minutes. From my acting debut in:

Jack Gunter's, *Secrets of the Mount Vernon Culture*.

(Videographers, Chris Sandys & Natasha Clark.

Makeup, Denise Wilder. Sound, Patrick Donicht & crew).

Who's that sing'n in the kitchen Who's that danc'n in the yard Who's that laugh'n in the hallway When you know her life is hard Who's that cook'n up some chicken Who's that boil'n up the rice Why that's the marvelous Miss Lorie and she's just plum nice.

TULLEY March 17, 1988

Bruce Baillie

Bruce Baillie was born in South Dakota, and began making films in the San Francisco area in 1960 following a period of drawing, painting, studying and wandering. He was a key figure in the resurgence of independent filmmaking, screening and distribution in the Bay area, founding Canyon Cinema and holding early showings.

It is difficult to generalize about Baillie's filmmaking because he has worked in such a diversity of styles. Several of his early films were made specifically for Canyon Cinema showings, and with their local subjectmatter and direct camera style have some elements of the newsreel. Many of the films that followed, while much more complex than these early works, can be seen as deriving from them.

Indeed, Baillie's first film, the relatively long On Sundays, contains elements that recur throughout his work. Baillie's own description of it-"combination documentary, and fantasy, partly portraying a lovely friend..."—indicates a mixture that is to recur again and again in different forms. Mr. Hayashi, for instance, is partly a very simple portrait of the man with that name. However its brevity, the contemplative lyricism of its photography, and its simple and precise editing give each image a haiku-like intensity. One's sense of the man and his surroundings is deepened, while one also feels that the film's experience cannot be simply accounted for by what has appeared on

Repeatedly throughout his career Baillie's films deal with specific individuals, locations or events, while in his longer films he frequently explores a theme not confined to a single location, as in *Mass* or *Quixote* with their engagement with the wholeAmerican landscape.

In the shorter films, the mixture of the documentary and the poetic recurs in different forms. Tung is, like Mr. Hayashi, a short portrait, but with less specifics offered about the subject—we learn nothing "concrete" about her. Her black-and-white image, which is the only specific thing we have of her, is combined with lush and haunting color nature imagery to produce a sense of almost vanishing ethereality. Yet the possibility remains that that ethereality, which seems to grow out of her image,

may well derive from her presence as a person, and so the portrait may well be as true to her as it is to the filmmaker's sense of the poetic. A Hurrah For Soldiers engages itself with a simple theme, the contemplation of a violent news event, but its presentation of a scene of re-enacted violence with newspaper photos is placed in the context of powerfully evocative nature imagery. Throughout his work, Baillie avoids allowing any film to have the simple existence of presenting one subject or theme. Objective and subjective elements are inextricably combined, as if he is asserting that while experience is not "all in the mind," a subjective element is present in any encounter between individual and world.

This combination reaches great complexity in Mass and Quixote, the two Baillie films with the strongest social content. Both films use mechanized, contemporary America for subject-matter; both combine many different types of images. At certain times-the man on the sidewalk in Mass—a clear social statement concerning the death of the individual is apparent. At the same time the complex, almost collage-like forms of both films combine with Baillie's characteristically moody photography to suggest a level of expression which cannot be easily summarized thematically.

One of the films most often used as an introduction to Baillie's work is Castro Street. Everything in the film was photographed and recorded on a short stretch of a single street, but the film disrupts the street's original ordering, presenting elements isolated from each other; combined with each other in startling new ways. An encyclopedic variety of images is present: portions of the street appear in both black-andwhite and color, in negative and positive, seen through distorting lenses and in focus, and with parts of the frame blacked out so that objects are isolated from their context. This variety makes an almost bewildering variety of combinations possible, as images are intercut and juxtaposed in superimposition. The effects are multiple. A very complete sense of the street's contents is rendered, but without any sense of the street's overall

geography. The film's geographic space is an utterly personalized one. At the same time, the variety of image forms suggests that every image is artificial, and results in a film that seems to exist at the limits of its self-destruction, a film whose dark and partially-empty images seem to open out onto a vast emptiness. In fact, Baillie has long been interested in Eastern religions, and his notebooks from the time of Castro Street indicate an interest in making a film "about nothing". He never does this; it is rather one of several impulses which are contained in his work, and it is the complex fusion of the documentary, the social, the subjective, the personal, seen through images of extreme delicacy and fragility, that makes his films so profoundly untranslatable. (FC)

Audio Brandan Films 1978 79

On Sundays

26 min. 1960-61 B&W Rental: \$18.00

Baillie describes this as his "first film. shot in San Francisco-combination documentary and fantasy, partly portraying a lovely friend, Miss Wong." Baillie's concern is with his character's sensitivity, and the manner in which it interacts with the surrounding city, and thus a major theme of his work emerges with his first film—the ambiguity of the relationship between individual and environment, between individual and experience. In On Sundays, a variety of disconnected scenes and incidents occur; they reflect in varying ways on the character's sense of herself.(FC)

Everyman—News No. 3—Mr. Hayashi

11 min. 1961-62 B&W Rental: \$12.50

Three short films originally made as "news" items for Baillie's recently founded Canyon Cinema showings; each deals with a then-local subject. Everyman is a relatively straightforward record of a demonstration, a kind of film that became increasingly common in the late 60's. News No. 3 intercuts images of a rally with images of a rock formation; here Baillie is commenting on his material through the intercutting, though rather than being simply thematic the comment places the rally in juxtaposition with a natural environment. Mr. Hayashi is a deeply moving short portrait of a man, whose voice is heard speaking on the soundtrack. The photography simultaneously provides a clear view of subject and environs and expresses, through lighting and composition, Baillie's poetic evocation of the subject's spirit. These simply-made films, executed with a minimum of equipment and using readily-available subject-matter, might be especially inspiring to young filmmakers. (FC)



The Gymnasts

8 min. 1962 B&W Rental: \$8.00

Also made as a "news" for Canyon Cinema showings, *The Gymnasts* is more of a dramatic film than the earlier three "newses". In the plot, as Baillie describes it, "a young businessman...finds himself among performing gymnasts, whom he joins". Strikingly powerful images which emphasize the vast spaces of the gym help emphasize the way the environment affects the individual, a theme inherent in the plot. (FC)

Have You Thought Of Talking To The Director?

14 min. 1962 B&W Rental: \$12.50

This film has elements of the dramatic and poetic, while also being "on one level, a portrait of Paul Tulley". Society's potential for destroying the individual is expressed most strongly in this cutting treatment of a mental patient's state of mind and memories. (FC)

A Hurrah For Soldiers

4 min. 1962-63 Color Rental: \$7.50

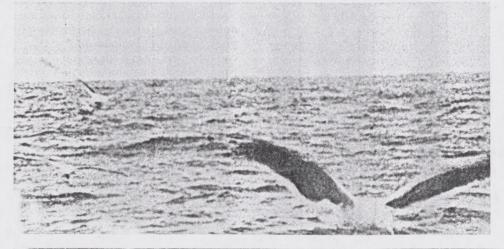
A meditation on a violent murder ("Dedicated to Albert Verbrugghe, whose wife was killed in Katanga by U.N. soldiers..."): news photos are combined with nature imagery. (FC)

To Parsifal

16 min. 1963 Color Rental: \$18.00

Using Wagner's music as his soundtrack, Baillie used the Parsifal legend to structure this film. His use of

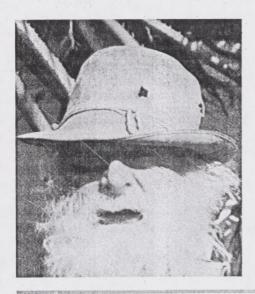
nature imagery has never had a more direct and forceful thrust than here: bright colors, strong movements, sharp contrasts in editing. (FC)



Mass

24 min. 1963-64 B&W Rental: \$25.00

This film's full title is Mass For The Dakota Sioux; the title's dedication, says Baillie, is "to the religious people who were destroyed by the civilization which evolved the Mass." The film is replete with similarly bitter ironies in image and sound. The destruction of the individual by society is a strong theme expressed through a variety of images. At the same time, Baillie often avoids making his points as simply obvious as they might be, and the visual mood and rhythm of the film conveys a sense of drifting weightlessness whose poetry looks to both earlier and later Baillie films. (FC)



Quixote

45 min. 1964-65 B&W and Color Rental: \$45.00

This is Baillie's most ambitious socially-themed film; he describes it as a vision of "America, el conquistador." Its imagery was taken on a cross-country trip from all phases of American life, and is combined in the film in multiple superimposition, with many images partly blocked out by variable mattes. Baillie's imagery and rhythms are complex and can be taken in several ways; on one level the film's forceful and driving sense of movement seems to express the ways that our society has mastered, conquered and occupied space. (FC)

Brookfield Recreation Center

6 min. 1974 B&W Rental: \$10.00

Baillie identifies this as "a film made for Oakland Public Schools...on an experimental series of classes in the arts..." His interest is in the intense, individualized rhythms of the children's play. (FC)

Yellow Horse

9 min. 1966 Color Rental: \$10.00

In 1966, Baillie began to make films with less directly social themes than in his earlier work. This "cycle scrambles poem" is impressionistically photographed and edited with rhythms which are surprisingly gentle considering the subject-matter. (FC)

Tung

5 min. 1966 B&W and Color Silent (24 FPS) Rental: \$10.00

Baillie calls this a "portrait of a friend named Tung, deriving directly from a momentary image on waking." This indicates that the film's source is not in daily eyesight but in those curiously fleeting images which appear at the boundaries between sleep and wakefulness, and the fragile, elusive quality of the film's imagery confirms this. A woman's head in Black and White negative is superimposed on fragmentary nature imagery; the result is haunting, other-worldly, as if the images we see do not inhabit the space of our daily lives. The film's silence (this is Baillie's only silent film) is absolute,

and adds to the image's "otherness".

Castro Street

10 min. 1966 Color and B&W Rental: \$12.50

This "film in the form of a street" is one of Baillie's most widely-screened works. By fragmenting its objects and presenting them outside of the street's overall geography Baillie gives what is in some ways a more complete picture of the street than conventional photographic methods would. Collagelike juxtapositions of many types of images is accompanied by a similarly complex soundtrack. (FC)

All My Life

3 min. 1966 Color Rental: \$7.50

A single-take pan along a fence accompanied by Ella Fitzgerald singing "All My Life" on the soundtrack; Baillie's description: "Singing fence." One of his simplest, yet mysteriously effective, films. (FC)

Still Life

2 min. 1966 Color Rental: \$7.50

Like All My Life, a one-take film, though Baillie asks that these two films not be shown together on the same program. A static, tripod shot; commune members drift in and out of frame and are heard on the soundtrack. (FC)

Port Chicago Vigil

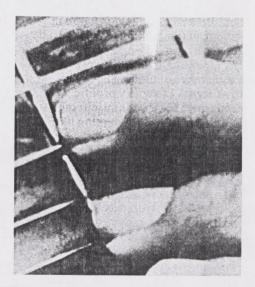
10 min. 1966 B&W Rental: \$12.50

A film of a vigil outside a U.S. Marine Depot. Baillie clearly records various aspects of the demonstration, avoiding the "abstracting" techniques of *Tung* or *Castro Street*. At the same time, the editing avoids enforcing obvious connections between events and the film's temporality has a floating, suspended quality reminiscent of many earlier Baillie films. (FC)

Valentin De Las Sierras

10 min. 1968 Color Rental: \$12.50

One of Baillie's very greatest works. The location: a Mexican village. Baillie's description: "Skin, eyes, knees, horses, hair, sun earth." The camera concentrates on individual details, but there are none of the abstracting techniques of Castro Street. The images are hard and clear, the cuts sharp and abrupt in both image and sound. More strongly than any other Baillie film, this work puts the viewer in a state which is very difficult to explain or account for in terms of the specifics of the film. (FC)



Quick Billy

56 min. 1967-70 Color and B&W Rental: \$60.00

Note: The film is on four separate reels, and the film-maker asks that it be shown on one projector; the pauses between reels are an intended part of the showing.

This is Baillie's most complex, and probably his greatest, film. Each part is quite different from every other, and the four together form a kind of progression. Baillie identifies the Bardo Thodol (Tibetan Book of the Dead) as having served to help structure the first three parts, and he refers also to Dante. The first part carries elements of Tung and Castro Street to a very pure

extreme. Images of nature, the sun and moon, of light, lead into one another with a smooth, but often disturbing, flow. One can readily see the connection

to notions of life after death: even more than in Tung, these are not images presented in a manner that relates to ordinary, daily seeing. As the film progresses through its parts, a movement toward what seems to be a greater exteriority, a less subjective vision, seems apparent; the last part is a staged western-parody, photographed relatively conventionally. On closer examination, however, the film's progression becomes more ambiguous, and the final section can be seen as being more "artificial" (it is staged) than the first. The film's various sections and various styles can be seen as extensions of the different modes of filmmaking of Baillie's earlier films; they also relate to the varieties of states of consciousness which we experience in our own lives. (FC)



Metanomen

8 min. 1966 B&W Rental: \$15.00 Directed by Scott Bartlett.

Metanomen is Scott Bartlett's first film, and has won many awards. Subject-matter (two characters and a railroad yard) is abstracted and recombined with a number of techniques, organized into rhythmic patterns. The result is a film which is a study in shape, form, movement, in high-contrast black-and-white, rather than a film which uses those elements to represent some external feeling or idea. (FC)

The T Cross and A Thimble Of Goodbye

9 min. B&W Rental: \$11.00 Directed by Paul Beattie.

Paul Beattie's The T Cross is described by Beattie as a "complete film drama," and though it is only one minute long it does have some key aspects of drama—anticipation, suspense, and revelation/relief. A Thimble Of Goodbye, which is longer, involves the actions of several people in a run-down area. There is a gentleness of rhythm, and a careful inter-weaving of the destinies of people and their surroundings, that recalls some aspects of Bruce Ballie's work. (FC)

CINEMA PSYCHEDELICA BRUCE BAILLIE RETROSPECTIVE (festival/tribute in three parts) I. IN SEARCH OF HEROES Wheeler Auditorium, Monday April 22, 8pm THE NEWS (poetic "documentaries" by Bruce Baillie) II. 155 Dwinelle Hall, Tuesday April 23, 8pm EVOLUTION OF THE SELF III. Wheeler Auditorium, Wednesday April 24, 8pm "Dear John, thanks for letter; pretty winded generally to write much, the film continues here ... "DAVID LYNN SCULPTURE, early News, in film closet next to bathrocm (floor)-with 3" reel of tape-not necess...could report that this News included original MR. HAYASHI as second part, both performed on the orig., with separate 4" track: Bartok's (I think on tape box label).
Or else quote me here if you don't get around to looking in my closet..." "For notes: Films in progress: FEETFEAR (half-hr., color--"the passage of the dead". Prob. complete end summer.) MAMMA-DOG BECOMING A WHITE BIRD (mostly black and white shadows, from a dream before my dog's death...4 or 5 minutes. LICHO (Mexican film. 3 min. B&W). Feature film, 2 screens, with Paul Tulley and Dierdre Bielefeld. LITTLE GIRL OUTSIDE SEBASTOPOL. ALBERTO, EL CARRIER DE AGUA. (Ansco Mex. footage)... "Met Peter Kubelka last week. Two films -- among few real works of art, modern cinema, incl. sev. of my own--my opinion only. Will use, along, I hope, with FILMPIECE FOR SUNSHINE this summer as instruction films, Mendocino Art Center film course. Also Brakhage and Vigo. Maybe HOW I WON THE WAR ... "Can't say for sure if can be there, which days, etc. Energy exceedingly limited (Mexican hepatitis -- ED.): each trip OUT takes immeasurable periods of time and torture to get back. Ohio trip whole wk. -- spent in hotel bed: "Liver Lectures", now famous in art history. New film very hard, as they all are. But today jabbering on your letter to escape analysis of written material, prepatory to first editing. Maybe my last film. But if equip. I can find is up to it, and so am I, will be worth it. It basically will describe (Vehicle period transcended) the transcendence of the the essential thing of life out past form, hero, art itself--it will be a superb form, describing itself leaving form behind.."
---letter from Bruce Baillie, April 11, 1968 In this retrospective program, Cinema Psychedelica will show nearly all the film work of Bruce Baillie, with emphasis on his epic masterwork, the 45 minute QUIXOTE (1964-5; recently revised), which will be the last film on the Monday program and the first film on the Wednesday program. The Monday program will present SHOW LEADER, A HURRAH FOR SOLDIERS, MASS, TO PARSIFAL, and QUIXOTE. Tuesday's THE NEWS will show Baillie's "documentary" side, from his first film, ON SUNDAYS, through the early news films, the PORT CHICAGO NEWSREEL, films he made on commission and, in the case of TERMINATION, to inform the public of injustice, through YELLOW HORSE, STILL LIFE, and CASTRO STREET. The final program traces the film-maker's development again, from THE GYMNASTS through VALENTIN.

BRUCE BAILLIE RETROSPECTIVE

I. IN SEARCH OF HEROES
Wheeler Auditorium, Monday April 22, 8pm only
SHOW LEADER (1966)
A HURRAH FOR SOLDIERS (1962-3)
MASS FOR THE DAKOTA SIOUX (1963-4)

SHOW LEADER: "It is a picture of me in a stream, saluting the audience on the soundtrack." -- B.B.

TO PARSIFAL (1963) QUIXOTE (1964-5)

A HURRAH FOR SOLDIERS: "Dedicated to Albert Verbrugghe, whose wife was killed in Katanga by U.N. soldiers. Presentiment of the meeting of irreconcilable historic forces...in which a fool is delighted by an attack from a 'girl gang' (inspired from a writing on a toilet wall)." --B.B.

MASS: Grand Prize, Ann Arbor Festival, 1964. "The film begins with a short introduction--'No chance for me to live, Mother, you might as well mourn.'--Sitting Bull; Hunkpapa Sioux Chief.

"Applause for a lone figure dying on the street. INTROIT...a long, lightly exposed section composed in the camera. KYRIE...A motorcyclist crossing the San Francisco Bridge accompanied by the sound of Gregorian chant, recorded at the Trappist Monastery in Vina, California. The EPISTLE is in several sections. In this central part the film becomes gradually more outrageous...the sounds of the mass rise and fall throughout. GLORIA...the sound of a siren and a short sequence of a '33 Cadillac...The final section of the Communion begins with the OFFERTORY in a procession of lights and figures to the second chant. The anonymous figure from the introduction is discovered again, dead on the pavement. The body is consecrated and taken away past an indifferent, isolated people...The dedication is to the religious people who were destroyed by the civilization which evolved the Mass." --B.B.

"The heroic aspect in (MASS) is a part of a personal chain of discovery for the author, including TO PARSIFAL and QUIXOTE...(the latter film)
was taken during a trip across country from September '64 through March '65
and edited through the subsequent summer and fall...it is the last of a
group of films in which the filmaker was not only learning technique but
discovering himself...often by way of these heroic forms. QUIXOTE is
founded on the original literary figure of Cervantes...Quixote as knight
errant (self portraiture; literally embarking on a Quixotian adventure as
a 20th century American poet), and more broadly, America as conqueror,
defending an antiquated standard...The Vietnam War is an essential expression of our American (Occidental, Christian) way of comprehending the
world, ourselves, history, etc.; that is a reason for its thematic appearance
in QUIXOTE...

"QUIXOTE as knight errant...and more broadly, America as conqueror, defending an antiquated standard. The presentiment at the end of the film is of the end we have created for ourselves." --Bruce Baillie, 1966

TO PARSIFAL: Grand Prize, Ann Arbor, 1963. Music by Richard Wagner. "Using the European legend as basic structure, as well as the hero: 'He who becomes slowly wise.' A tribute to summer." --B.B. Filmed in 1962-3; revised, as was QUIXOTE, in 1967.

"Spring, 1966, dreaming in my redwood grove, I make a final climb up the mountain to visit my heroes..."

Qui xot

BRUCE BAILLIE RETROSPECTIVE

II. THE NEWS (poetic "documentaries" by Bruce Baillie)
155 Dwinelle Hall, Tuesday April 23, 8pm only

SHOW LEADER (1966)
ON SUNDAYS (1960-61)
(News #1) MR. HAYASHI (1961)/THE SCULPTURE OF DAVID LYNN (1/28/62)

Intermission

(News #2) FRIEND FLEEING (February 1962)
HERE I AM (summer 1962)

BROOKFIELD RECREATION CENTER (april 1963)
YELLOW HORSE (summer 1965)
TERMINATION (1966)
NEWSREEL: PORT CHICAGO (August 1966)
TUNG (1966)
STILL LIFE (1966)
CASTRO STREET (1966)

This second program in our Bruce Baillie retrospective traces the documentary side of the filmaker through his whole career, and illustrates the internal dialog, and often conflict, between Baillie as reporter (or propagandist, though that word is too strong) and Baillie as poet--perceiver of light and sensual human being. Baillie's deep need to speak cut, to articulate his social consciousness with film, is always submerged in, and often dominated by, his poetic consciousness. The creative development of Bruce Baillie can be compared to that of Bob Dylan: over the years conscious protest/reportage has evolved due to the internal life and needs of the artist into the nearly subconscious communication level of poetry.

Baillie's very first film, ON SUNDAYS, shows this internal dialog. On the one hand, he is photographically portraying a lovely friend, Miss Wong, and a derelict, in the realistic setting of San Francisco. But Baillie's early gift for superb composition and his sense of light transform reality to a higher level...a film-created level of poetry and fantasy..."remembering a potentiality of life which has been overgrown by civilization..." --Jung

After ON SUNDAYS, Baillie began making short news films, which he showed at free public screenings of the film organization he founded, Canyon Cinema. The first of these was MR. HAYASHI, originally shown with THE SCULPTURE OF DAVID LYNN. MR. HAYASHI was later revised into the form we see tonight, and won the filmaker his earliest national recognition. FRIEND FLEEING was the second of the news films.

HERE I AM was filmed at the East Bay Activities Center for emotionally distrbed children; Baillie attempted to make a straight dosumentary but in his choice of image and particularly in his cutting the poet strains through. A more joyous documentary followed the next year, BROOKFIELD RECREATION CENTER, with music by Ramon Sender.

We then skip forward two years, past QUIXOTE, to Baillie's crystal-perfect motorcycle poem, YELLOW HORSE. TERMINATION was made to protest Government destruction of the Laytonville Rancheri and its Indian people. PORT CHICAGO documents the peace vigil begun August 7, 1966, and still continuing. The program ends with three of Bruce Baillie's greatest film poems: the very important, transitional, post-QUIXOTE, TUNG; STILL LIFE ("...efforts toward new American religion..."); and the great CASTRO STREET.

word; give some

ON SUNDAYS

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CINEMA PSYCHEDELICA FILM SERIES

BRUCE BAILLIE RETROSPECTIVE

III. EVOLUTION OF THE SELF
Wheeler Auditorium, Wednesday April 24, 8pm only

QUIXOTE (1964-5)

Intermission

SHOW LEADER (1966)
THE GYMNASTS (1961)
HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF TALKING TO THE DIRECTOR (1962)
TUNG (1966)
CASTRO STREET (1966)
VALENTIN DE LAS SIERRAS (1967)
ALL MY LIFE (1966)

This final program in our retrospective features a re-showing of Baillie's masterwork, QUIXOTE, and a second viewing of the very important TUNG and CASTRO STREET. This three-day screening was planned as a benefit for the filmaker, but in view of his recent Guggenheim grant, Baillie has requested that the proceeds be divided between Micheal Stewart (a starving filmaker) and the family of Victor Manuel Sasa Zamora of Chapala, Jalisco, Mexico--"the man with the eyes on the edge of the exact moment of life and death (VALENTIN OF THE MOUNTAINS)."

VALENTIN DE LAS SIERRAS is Bruce Baillie's latest film, one of several films shot in Mexico during an extended stay beginning late in 1966. Of these several films, it is the first he has been able to complete, as his strength has been sapped by hepatitis picked up on that trip. In many ways, VALENTIN is Bruce's best film, both as a fulfillment of the promise of all his earlier documentary and poetic work, from ON SUNDAYS through QUIXOTE through CASTRO STREET; and it is exciting as a clue to the new direction of his film work. VALENTIN is a portrait of a blind Mexican who strums his guitar and sings his songs as the visible world recorded by the camera throbs all about him. The blind man and his unseen environment are shown to us almost entirely with extreme closeups, mostly very dark; the darkness that is Valentin's life, the claustrophobia of blindness, is conveyed in this film, which is as much a work of Mexican art as it is the work of an American film poet.

CASTRO STREET was "inspired by a lesson from Eric Satie; a film in the form of a street--Castro Street running by the Standard Oil Refinery in Richmond, California...switch engines on one side and refinery tanks, stacks and buildings on the other--the street and the film, ending at a red lumber company. All visual and sound elements from the street, progressing from the beginning to the end of the street is black-and-white (secondary), and one is color like male and female elements. The emergence of a long switch engineer shot (black-and-white solo) is to the film-maker the essential image of consciousness." --B.B.

THE GYMNASTS, like MR. HAYASHI, was originally a news film, made for the Canyon Cinema Theater in Berkeley. The filmaker plays the young businessman who visits and exercises with gymnasts in a YMCA...an autobiographical drama, with Baillie's first strong editing. HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF TALKING TO THE DIRECTOR stars and is a portrait of Baillie's poet friend, Paul Tulley, filmed during summer 1962 in Mendocino County..."combining spontaneity and preconception in a film that is essentially a short lesson in feature form." --B.B.

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CINEMA PSYCHEDIICA PILM SERIES . BRUCE BAILLIE HETROSPECTIVE III. EVOLUTION OF THE SELF Wheeler Auditordum, Wednesday April 24, Upa only OUIXORE (1964-5) rolegimmetal SHOW DEADER (195 BANE YOU THOUGHT OF TALKING TO THE DIRECTOR (1962) . lo maixodis-or a normine i ovidosacon 🛰 in process where edt to reswalv brooms a titured r an lemmate new nates seros bruce and anorthese Rt 2 Box 190-B Ft. Brogg, Colif.

Ft. Brogg, Co one chows to as Jacob entirely with extreme oldercos, mestly var front; the charkness tack for hitchiscos, in conveying it this filt, which is some work of Festers after a first it the work of an elegiose file work. OASTHO STREET was "transfrod by a lesson from Eric Setief a film in the form of a street -Jactyo Street running by the Standard Cil Refinery in Richmond, California... switch engines on one side and refinery tanks, stacks and buildings on the ether--the street and the rilm, ending at a red lumber company. All visual and sound elements from the street, progresaing from the beginning to the end of the struct is black-and-white (secondary), and one is color like make and female elements. The emerger ence of a long switch engineer shot (black-and-white solo) is to the filmmaker the essential image of gonsoloueness." - B.B. THE GYMANSTS, like MR. HAYASHI, wes originally a news filr, ande for the Comyon Cinema Incater in Berkeley. The filmoher plays the young bus increamen who visits and exercises with grancats in a PACA...on prephical drams, with Baillie's first strong editing. HAVE YOU THOUG TALKING TO THE DIRECTOR stars and is a portrit of Ballite's poet triend. Foul Tulley, filmed during nummer 1902 in Mondoolus Sounty... combining spontoneity and preconception in a film this segminally a Short leaden in feature form.

CINEMATHEQUE

Canyon Cinema Night!

A program of recently acquired films from the overflowing shelves of Canyon Cinema, selected by Irina Leimbacher

Canyon Director Dominic Angerame In Person

Thursday, June 11, 1998 - Center for the Arts

What do Bruce Conner, Barbara Hammer, Abigail Child, Jay Rosenblatt, Martin Arnold, Craig Baldwin, Su Friedrich, Matthias Müller, Greta Snider, Kenneth Anger, Scott Stark, Chick Strand, Nicolas Humbert and Werner Penzel, Peggy Ahwesh, Michael Wallin, Phil Solomon, Janie Geiser, Nathaniel Dorsky, Jennifer Gentile, Mark Lapore, Ken Jacobs, Stan Brakhage and more than three hundred other filmmakers have in common? They all distribute their films through Canyon Cinema, one of the oldest and largest distributors of independently produced personal and experimental film in the world. With more than 30 years experience, a collection of more than 3500 films and vidotapes spanning over five decades of filmmaking, and membership from most corners of the earth where people make films, Canyon plays an essential role in promoting, distributing and preserving independent cinematic works of art.

Starting as an informal series of avant-garde films projected onto a sheet in filmmaker Bruce Baillies' backyard in Canyon, California, Canyon Cinema ushered in a time of great hope for independent film art, providing a place where artists and audiences found support, inspiration and above all, community. By 1961 Canyon Cinematheque was formed and became the first organization to regularly screen avant-garde film on the west coast, produce a newsletter, organize production workshops and serve as a nurturing and supportive influence for filmmakers. In the late sixties the Canyon Cinema Coop was formed as an idealistic alternative to the existing film distribution structure. Its aim was to serve the needs and visions of filmmakers rather than the whims of the commercial marketplace, and to function as a truly democratic, non-discriminatory organization which would promote all types of independently made films, regardless of the social, political, economic, ethnic and aesthetic backgrounds of their makers. The exhibition component split off for financial reasons and was renamed the San Francisco Cinematheque.

A little over a year ago, when Canyon Cinema had been recommended for an NEA grant to fund their new distribution catalog, a comprehensive, archival volume used by potential renters as well as scholars, Republican Representative Peter Hoekstra pointed to film stills (naked boys?!) and descriptions from the Canyon's previous catalog which he claimed were "indecent". Soon thereafter Canyon was notified that their NEA application was being rejected on the grounds that, since membership in Canyon Cinema was open to all filmmakers, there was no guiding curatorial vision, and its distribution catalogue was merely a "vanity publication". Although the catalog's publication was stalled, this spring the less phobic San Francisco Arts Commission awarded Canyon with a grant which will allow for the catalogue to be published by the end of 1998. Congratulations Canyon!

After tonight's screening of eleven recently acquired films—including work by some of the "fathers" of American avant-garde cinema, work by emerging young voices and two pieces in 35mm, Canyon Cinema Director Dominic Angerame will be present to discuss the current state of experimental film distribution and Canyon's new directions and strategies for the beginning of a new millenium of experimental filmmaking and film distribution.

Brookfield Recreation Center (1963) by Bruce Baillie; 16mm, b&w, sound, 5 minutes "Made for the Oakland Public Schools on an experimental series of classes in the arts..." (BB)

Bruce Baillie co-founded the Canyon Cinema in 1960. He now lives in rural Washington, works in video, and is on the web at www.geocities.com/Hollywood/ Theater/1809. His Castro Street was recently chosen for preservation by the National Film Registry.

Camera Roll at 100 Degrees (1993) by Jim Seibert; 16mm color, sound, 3 minutes
"... I came down with 100-degree fever. Forced to shoot indoors, I made five passes through my Bolex with five subjects, treating them alternately as major and minor themes and closing with an all-encompassing superimposition. The war against civilian population in Bosnia Hercegovina was heating up, too." (JS)

Jim Seibert studied film at the SF Art Institute and was on their technical staff for several years. Other works include the award-winning *The Chill Ascends*.

Chronicles of a Lying Spirit by Kelly Gabron (1992) by Cauleen Smith; 16mm, color, sound, 6 minutes Challenging structure, stereotype and the typical tropes of the personal film, Chronicles of a Lying Spirit by Kelly Gabron explores truth and fiction in representation; racism; and social responsibility in a lively and spirited mock-autobiographical fantasy.

The Foundation for Art in Cinema The Bay Area showcase for personal and avant-garde film 339 Head Street, San Francisco, CA 94132 FILMS BY BRUCE BAILLIE July 8, 1982 1) All My Life (1966), 3 min., color, sound. "One shot, early summer in Mendocino. Song, "All My life" by Ella Fitzgerald with Teddy Wilson and his orchestra." -- B.B. 2) Yellow Horse (1965), 8 min., color, sound. "Motorcycle scrambles accompanied by string bass solo. Film shot in San Francisco during summer editing of Quixote." -- B.B. 3) Tung (1966), 5 min., color, silent (24 f.p.s.). "Portrait of a friend named Tung, deriving directly from a momentary image on walking. Seeing her bright shadow I thought she was someone I you we had known." -- B.B. 4) Quixote (1964-65), 45 min., b&w/color, sound. "Quixote is like a long documentary on America, with a lot of themes buried in it. It took most of the year just to get around the country, to shoot it, record it, discover just what it was... It summarized a lot of things. I pretty much emphasized the picture of an American as a conquistador. A conquering man... I had a number of major parts to it, and within them, many pieces. All very carefully formed according to my literary incentive out of the two books of Don Quixote. And my own adventure was in two definite parts: color filming in the southwest, running out of money, and having to come back. And reorganizing, looking for the means, getting it a month later, and setting out, right in the middle of winter." -- B.B. "Despite his sophistication, Baillie remains an innocent; the whole of his cinema exhibits an alternation between two irreconcilable themes: the sheer beauty of the phenomenal world and the utter despair of forgotten men. It is in Quixote alone that these two themes emerge into a dialectal form, an antithesis of grace and disgrace." -- Sitney

emematheque

FACING EDEN: BAY AREA LANDSCAPE IN FILM AND ART

LIGHT ENERGIES: LANDSCAPES OF THE MIND

Wednesday, July 19, 1995, M.H. de Young Memorial Museum

In conjunction with the San Francisco Cinematheque, throughout the month of July the de Young museum presents a series of film programs reflecting the personal, poetic and adventurous ways in which film artists have incorporated characteristics of the Bay Area's landscape into their creative work over the last forty years.

Tonight's program focuses on the relationship between the San Francisco landscape and the individual psyche. These films offer a timeline of fantasies and reveries inspired by the Bay Area as a place of discovery.

Four in the Afternoon (1951), by James Broughton; 16mm, b&w, sound, 15 minutes Four poetic variations on the search for love; four odd characters living out their daydreams: Game Little Gladys, The Gardener's Son, Princess Printemps, and The Aging Balletomane. Based on Broughton's own poems, this film blends image, music and verse in moods from the farcical to the elegiac.

"Lovely and delicious, true cinematic poetry." —Dylan Thomas

James Broughton was one of the key figures in the post-war San Francisco Renaissance as poet, filmmaker and social force. Broughton has published several volumes of poetry and has made over 15 films in his 50 year career. His memoirs "Coming Unbuttoned" were published in 1993.

Beat (1958), by Christopher MacLaine; 16mm, color, sound, 6 minutes

"MacLaine was known around town and had gained a reputation as San Francisco's Artaud. He worked with a kind of dedication to madness. How intrinsic this was to his behavior can be seen in his films...

"As one looks at his film *Beat* one sees more of the humor in his camera movements. People are made to walk fast and look jerky in his films, and this is intentional humor; he was not content to shoot at eight frames a second—he skips frames so that people skip ridiculously in a way that rhythmically captures their intrinsic self-centeredness... One can look at this as humorous or as unbearably horrible. If you can regard it as both delightful and horrifying, you are close to the balance that makes MacLaine an artist. To me *Beat* evokes that era to a T—beautifully precisely, wittily and terrifyingly."

—Stan Brakhage, Film at Wit's End (1989)

—Canyon Cinema Catalog #7

Christopher MacLaine was an influential poet, publisher, and filmmaker of San Francisco's underground Beat era. MacLaine left a legacy of 4 visionary films, though he died in obscurity during the 1970s.

All My Life (1966), by Bruce Baillie; 16mm, color, sound, 3 minutes

"... it was the quality of the light for three summer days in Caspar, California, up the coast where Tulley lived. It looked like Cork, Ireland used to...It was inspired by the light (every day

is unique as you know), and by the early Teddy Wilson/Ella Fitzgerald recording, which was always playing in Tulley's little cabin, with its condemnation sign on it."

—Bruce Baillie, interview with Scott McDonald in A Critical Cinema 2 (1992)

In 1961 Bruce Baillie and Chick Strand founded Canyon Cinema, one of America's premier distributor/exhibitors of personal film. He has made some of the most widely admired films of independent cinema and *Castro Street* has been recognized by the American Film institute as a Landmark of American film history. Baillie continues to work in film and video.

Looking for Mushrooms (1961-67), by Bruce Conner; 16mm, color, sound, 3 minutes Looking for mushrooms in San Francisco and in Mexico and filmed and edited from hundreds of feet of film multiple-exposed and single-framed inside the camera. Finally cut to 100 foot length in 1965 to run perpetually in a never-ending cartridge projector. John Lennon made the music in 1967.

—Canyon Cinema Catalog #7 "Make no mistake, this is not simply a peyote documentary or a travelogue of Conner's Mexican sojourn; nor is it simply a 'trip' movie. He titles his films accurately, so don't forget the word 'looking' in the title. It is partly a word of instruction to the audience. We should be looking for mushrooms, mushroom shapes, references to mushrooms, peyote buttons, etc., throughout our experience of the film."

—Stan Brakhage, Film at Wit's End (1989)

Bruce Conner is one of the most respected and versatile living American visual artists working in collage, sculpture, photography, film and more. Bruce Conner lives in San Francisco and has been a major influence on filmmakers for the last two generations.

The Great Blondino (1967), by Robert Nelson & William T. Wiley; 16mm, color, sound, 42 minutes

"On a formal level, Blondino is a long, never resolved dialogue between its protagonist's inner and outer worlds, between film as a material and film as representation, between art and entertainment. Like a dream, it continually strives to embody two contradictory readings within the same composite structure. The recorded image is frequently effaced by distortive lenses, prisms, and superimpositions, just as the narrative is often submerged by eruptive digressions or suggestions that each film is Blondino's dream."

—J. Hoberman, Nelson/Wiley (1979)

I was lucky, lived in S.F. during an exciting time...met some inspirational artists...had lots of help...was able to crank out a couple of films that I am very proud of.(RN)

Robert Nelson was one of San Francisco's most daring filmmakers of the 1960s who worked with artists ranging from William Wiley to composer Steve Reich. Nelson founded the filmmaking program at the San Francisco Art Institute in the late 1960s and continues to make films and video in Milwaukee.

William T. Wiley is known primarily as a celebrated painter. Wiley was a long-term resident of San Francisco and made numerous films, mostly with nelson in the 60s and early 70s.

I Change I Am the Same (1969), by Alice Anne Parker (a.k.a. Anne Severson); 16mm, b&w, sound, 40 seconds

A short, hilarious film of a woman and a man in various states of undress-in their own and each other's clothing.

—Canyon Cinema Catalog #7

"As a filmmaker, Anne Severson was a product of the sixties, especially the sixties' reaction to an earlier Puritanism about the human body. For many sixties artists the body was a territory in need of liberation."

—Scott MacDonald, A Critical Cinema 2 (1992)

Alice Anne Parker had a brief filmmaking career in the late 60s to the mid 70s while living in San Francisco. Parker's work focused on the human body, especially as it relates to gender and sexuality. She continues to be active as an artist and shaman living in Hawaii.

Women's Rites or Truth is the Daughter of Time (1974), by Barbara Hammer; 16mm, color, sound, 8mm

An autumnal celebration of colorful fall leaves, brooks and bathing, chanting circles and tree goddess rites. Shot on witch's land in Northern California, it is a woman celebrating woman and nature film with the poetry of Elsa Gidlow accompanying.

—Canyon Cinema Catalog #7 Barbara Hammer is one of the most prolific and versatile living independent film and video makers. Hammer is a long time resident of San Francisco who has completed over 40 works in both mediums, ranging from the experimental to essay. She is a tireless champion and teacher of personal, independent cinema.

On view in Trustees' Auditorium between 6:15 and 7:00 p.m.

Landscape No.3: C to C — Several Centuries After the Double Slit Experiment (1995); 16mm film installation, with C stands, gobo arms, flags and sandbags.

The following people and organizations have generously helped with this project: Stephen Rogers; Cinematographic Consultant, Joplin Wu; Andy Black; Assistant Camera, Lorna Leslie; installation crew, Morgan Barnard, Sarah Filley, Judith Pfeifer, and Coleen Whiteside; sound, David Jaffe.

Lynn Kirby is an installation, film and video artist who is Professor in the film, video and performance Department of the California College of Arts and Crafts. She has shown her work widely throughout Europe and North America. Kirby had a one-person retrospective of her films at the Museum of Modern Art, New York in February of 1995.

•program notes written and compiled by Jeff Lambert & Emily Golembiewski •

TICKET ORDER FORM

Tickets: Members of The Museum Society and San Francisco Cinematheque \$5; public \$6

To order tickets, send this form with a check payable to COFAM and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to:

Program Office, de Young Museum Golden Gate Park San Francisco, CA 94118

July 12 No. tickets Amount

July 12 No. tickets Amount

July 19 No. tickets Amount

July 26 No. tickets Amount

TOTAL

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FACING EDEN BAY AREA LANDSCAPE IN FILM ART



Wednesday Evenings

July 5, 12, 19, 26, 1995 - 7 PM

Trustees' Auditorium

M.H. de Young Memorial Museum

Golden Gate Park

FACING EDEN

BAY AREA LANDSCAPE IN FILM ART

A series of film programs reflecting the personal, poetic, and adventurous ways in which film artists have incorporated characteristics of the Bay Area's landscape into their creative work over the last forty years. Each program will be introduced by Steve Anker, Director of San Francisco Cinematheque, or by a guest artist. The series is presented in cooperation with San Francisco Cinematheque.

Information: (415) 750-3624 or (415) 558-8129

Wednesdays, July 5, 12, 19, 26, 1995; 7 PM Trustees' Auditorium de Young Museum, Golden Gate Park Tickets: Members of The Museum Society and San Francisco Cinematheque \$5; public \$6 Doors open at 6:30 PM.

JULY 5 - 7 PM

SAN FRANCISCO'S UNDULATING SKYLINE The hills and light of San Francisco create a continuous visual adventure in urban space; buildings and streets rove in height and depth as the open sky shifts from spot to spot. Nothing quite stays as it first appears.

Panorama (1982) by Michael Rudnick, 13 min. Spring (1991) by Thomas Korschil, 3 min. Same Difference (1975) by Al Wong, 18 min. The Man Who Could Not See Far Enough (1981) by Peter Rose, 8 min. Side/Walk/Shuttle (1991) by Ernie Gehr, 40 min.

Landscape No. I (1995) by Lynn M. Kirby. Film-installation on view in Trustees' Auditorium beginning at 6:30.

IULY 12 - 7 PM

SCALES OF GRANDEUR: HUMAN AND NATURAL INTERFACES

The visual beauty of the Bay Area's diverse natural landscape ranges from hills to streams, from cliffs to gentle horizons; all are impacted by the region's singular light. These films reflect on this natural landscape through people's interactions with it.

Span (1968) by William Allan and Bruce Nauman, 10 min. Seasonal Forces (1995) by Janis Crystal Lipzin, 12 min. Running Fence (1978) by David and Albert Maysles, 58 min. Survival Run (1978) by Robert Charlton, 10 min.

East/West No. 2 (1992-94) by Paula Levine. Video-installation on view in Trustees' Auditorium beginning at 6:30.

JULY 19 - 7 PM

LIGHT ENERGIES: LANDSCAPES OF THE MIND These films offer a timeline of fantasies and reveries inspired by the Bay Area as a place of discovery: an area far removed from past society, a landscape inviting new experience.

Four in the Afternoon (1951) by James Broughton, 15 min.

Beat (1958) by Christopher MacLaine, 6 min.

All My Life (1966) by Bruce Baillie, 7 min.

Looking for Mushrooms (1961-67) by Bruce Conner, 3 min.

The Great Blondino (1967) by Robert Nelson and

William T. Wiley, 41 min.

I Change I Am the Same (1969) by Alice Anne Parker, 1 min.

Women's Rites or Truth Is the Daughter of Time (1975)
by Barbara Hammer, 8 min.

Studies for Land's End (1995) by Phil Solomon, 10 min.

Landscape No. 3 (1995) by Lynn M. Kirby. Film-installation on view in Trustees' Auditorium beginning at 6:30.

IULY 26 - 7 PM

LIFE FLOWS IN THE MODERN WORLD

The constant motion of human activity and changing forms creates a visual surface that bends and reshapes itself from moment to moment. San Francisco time and place are expressively revealed through these films.

Visions of a City (1957-78) by Larry Jordan, 8 min. Last Gasp (1981) by Jacalyn L. White, 18 min. Delugion (1982) by Michael Rudnick, 3 min. Fearful Symmetry (1981) by Michael Wallin, 15 min. Crossing the Bar (1992) by Andrew Black, 10 min. By the Sea (1982) by Toney Merritt, 3 min. Cable Car Melody (1986) by Charles Wright, 26 min. Pacific Far East Lines (1979) by Abigail Child, 12 min.

36 Hours on 24th Street No.4 (1993-94) by Paula Levine. Video-installation on view in Trustees' Auditorium beginning at 6:30.

These programs are presented in conjunction with Facing Eden: 100 Years of Landscape Art in the Bay Area. A Centennial Exhibition.

The exhibition and catalogue are made possible by support from the National Endowment for the Arts, a Federal agency, and the Ednah Root Foundation. Additional funding is provided by USL Capital; Alex. Brown & Sons Incorporated; LEF Foundation; McCutchen, Doyle, Brown & Enersen; William A. Hewitt; Lorna F. Meyer; The Haley Trust; and Mr. and Mrs. Melvin B. Lane.

amematheque

SIMPLE BEAUTIES: THE ART AND LIFE OF BRUCE BAILLIE

BRUCE BAILLIE IN PERSON

April 17, 20, and 21, 1995

"I was only ever interested in making openings, not closings." — Bruce Baillie

"In my filmmakers' pantheon, Bruce Baillie takes a shining place. His work I can see again and again. There is in Bruce Baillie something that reminds us of the wide country, of the spaces of America ... I remember Baillie for certain images that keep reappearing in my mind. Curiously enough, those images have always to do with travel, with cross country rides, with wide spaces, with the huge American continent being crossed ... In the images of his films, he seems to be very stable and very sure and always going after some definite, and probably always the same, image. With each film one feels maybe he found it. But no, the image of the dream is not yet caught, still somewhere else — so he makes another film, trying to come closer to it, from some other angle."

— Jonas Mekas, Movie Journal

Canyon Cinema founder Bruce Baillie has remained true to his art, life and vision of community for over 30 years. A profoundly spiritual man, Baillie seeks beauty in simple, honest moments and truths behind calcified habits. The films he has made are cherished throughout the world for their sensual lyricism and social critique, and in the last several years he has expanded his artmaking to radio, video, and literature. The Cinematheque proudly presents a seek of Bruce Baillie events, his first public presentation in San Francisco since 1983, as a welcome antidote to this stuffy, fearful conservative time. Each evening Baillie will show films and videotapes (listed below), as well as play selections from his radio series *Dr. Bish's Remedies* and read from his fictional autobiography *Memoirs of an Angel*.

Program 1: Monday, April 17, 1995, San Francisco Art Institute

Mr. Hayashi (1961); 16mm, b&w, sound, 3 minutes

"[Mr. Hayashi] was made as a newsreel advertisement to be shown at Baillie's film society, Canyon Cinema, in the second year of its existence. It shows a Japanese gardener, Mr. Hayashi, performing his daily tasks in a few black and white shots. The form is intentionally brief, minor, and occasional; although there is no metaphor or conflict of images, it reminds one of the aspiration first voiced by Maya Deren and later echoed by Brakhage to create a cinematic haiku."

- P. Adams Sitney, Montreux Exhibition Catalog, 1974

To Parsifal (1963); 16mm, color, sound, 16 minutes

"You're given a certain responsibility and a gift or grace, a certain unique capability, which can turn against you if it's not attended to properly. Even the king who possessed this emblem of purity or perfection, this divine weapon, was heir to temptation, and the weapon fell into the hands of his nemesis. The wound was ultimately mortal. Though he was still alive, still functioning, he was incapable of carrying on this essential divine mission to celebrate Universal Truth, embodied in the Holy Grail, so it was foretold that there would be a successor who would come along, a "pure fool" as Wagner called him — whether the original name was Parsifal or Percivil, it really meant "pure fool." ... Parsifal was object and subject all at once, an objectified depiction and a reflection of my subjective pursuit of an identity, my recognition of myself. To try to make my own films against enormous resistance was perhaps Parsifal-ian: to be out there in the woods and on the ocean with a movie camera, unemployed, not doing the usual things — marrying, making children, setting up the pension plan, carrying the mail."

— Bruce Baillie, interview with Scott McDonald in A Critical Cinema 2

Mass For the Dakota Sioux (1963-4); 16mm, b&w, sound, 24 minutes

"A film Mass, dedicated to that which is vigorous, intelligent, lovely, the-best-in-man; that which work suggests is nearly dead."

"Synopsis: The film begins with a short introduction—'No chance for me to live, Mother, you might as well mourn.' Sitting Bull, Hunkpapa Sioux Chief. Applause for a lone figure dying on the street. INTROIT. A long, lightly exposed section composed in the camera. KYRIE. A motorcyclist crossing the San Francisco Bay Bridge accompanied by the sound of the Gregorian Chant, recorded at the Trappist Monastery in Vina, California. The sounds of the 'mass' rise and fall throughout. GLORIA. The sound of a siren and a short sequence of a '33 Cadillac proceeding over the Bay Bridge and disappearing into a tunnel. The final section of the Communion begins with the OFFERTORY in a procession of lights and figures to the second chant. The anonymous figure from the introduction is discovered again, dead on the pavement. The body is consecrated and taken away past an indifferent, isolated people, accompanied by the final chant. The Mass is traditionally a celebration of life; thus the contradiction between the form of the Mass and the theme of death. The dedication is to the religious people who were destroyed by the civilization which evolved the Mass."

— Bruce Baillie, Filmmaker's Cooperative Catalog # 7

All My Life (1966); 16mm, color, sound, 3 minutes

"... it was the quality of the light for three summer days in Casper, California, up the coast where Tulley lived. It looked like Cork, Ireland used to.... It was inspired by the light (every day is unique as you know), and by the early Teddy Wilson/Ella Fitzgerald recording, which was always playing in Tulley's little cabin, with its condemnation sign on it."

— Bruce Baillie, interview with Scott McDonald in A Critical Cinema 2

Castro Street (1966); 16mm, color and b&w, sound, 10 minutes

"I liked the assignment in form that I gave myself. To use a street as a basic form rather than a narrative or any kind of storyline. And so I really did start the film out at the beginning of the street, and ended it on the red barn at the end. Then, in terms of discovering an idea, it came right in the middle of a severe period of my life, where I felt I was being born actually. Or becoming conscious is the way I put it at the time. And the whole film is the shape of being born or becoming conscious."

- Bruce Baillie, in Film Culture, 1969

Valentin de las Sierras (1968); 16mm, color, sound, 10 minutes

"One of Baillie's very greatest works. The location: a Mexican village. Baillie's description: "Skin, eyes, knees, horses, hair, sun earth." The camera concentrates on individual details, but there are none of the abstracting techniques of *Castro Street*. The images are hard and clear, the cuts sharp and abrupt in both image and sound. More strongly than in any other Baillie film, this work puts the viewer in a state which is very difficult to explain or account for in terms of the specifics of the film."

—Fred Camper, *Audio-Brandon Catalog*, 1978-79

"...it doesn't look at all like an Avant-Garde, Experimental, or even Art movie. [...] it does speak, to me at least, from the beginning in the language of film without feeling the need to speak for itself as film, if you know what I mean, and it exists very simply on many different levels of meaning."

—Stan Brakhage, Cinema News #78, 3 & 4

The P-38 Pilot (1990); VHS, color, sound, 15 minutes

"For the dispossessed, the excluded, the condemned... exiled by our own preferences."

"A work from the darkness of winter, a kind of pre-Paradiso which parallels by chance, Dante's Purgatorio — my own confessions and clues to ascent, life and Light.

"Abstract imagery from my home, winter rain, WW II paraphernalia, etc., along with an audio monologue recorded years ago and carried back and forth across the country, living out of my VW. Made with simple home equipment no budget, 6 - 7 months time and toil.

"As all art is made from some particular sort of sticks and stones, this piece happens to be formed from the words of a war hero who suffers his own particular "habitante", as this P-38 pilot would have it. The (film) is not, however a documentary about — in this case — alcoholism.

Note from the conclusion: "Te lucis ante terminum" (Thy Light before the end — or, before the darkness), taken from the traditional *Compline* service at the end of the day, sung by Christian religious through the centuries. The image of beloved (my family) at the very end of the work is the final, perhaps essential clue, given also of course by Dante Alighieri in his 14th century classic, by way of Beatrice: i.e., the way beyond inevitable suffering, transcending individual intellect, is only through (pure) love and loving."

— Bruce Baillie

"A cohesive Baillie song of sound and sight, a flowing visual essay. Bruce has made the transition from the film to the video format without compromising the beauty of the image..."

-Kathleen Connor

Program 2: Thursday, April 20, 1995, Yerba Buena Center for the Arts

Still Life (1966); 16mm, color, sound, 2 minutes

"Summer, 1966; coming out of the artist's period of life at Graton—a communal venture in the woods north of San Francisco. A film on efforts toward new American religion."

—Bruce Baillie, Filmmaker's Cooperative Catalog # 7

Tung (1966); 16mm, color and b&w, silent, 5 minutes

"Portrait of a friend named Tung, deriving directly from a momentary image on waking. Seeing her bright shadow I thought she was someone I you we had known."

—Bruce Baillie, Filmmaker's Cooperative Catalog # 7

Quixote (1964-1965); 16mm, color and b&w, sound, 45 minutes

"Quixote is a kind of summary and conclusion of a number of themes, etc., especially that of the hero ... depicting Western orientation as essentially one of conquest. The film is conceived in a number of different styles and on a number of simultaneous levels."

- Bruce Baillie

In Quixote Baillie uses the techniques of underground film to explore the inflections of a personal vision with a subtlety and precision equaled only by the work of his film correspondent, Stan Brakhage, but his explicitly political inflection of those techniques was radically innovative. His orchestration of a film vocabulary in which sensuous attention to minute local textures is combined with an overall rhythmic sweep, and his use of this method to register the world of public affairs, is on the one hand testament to the flexibility and resourcefulness of that underground cinema, its providing the individual with access to the arena of social commentary. It also marks, on the other hand, a limit noticeable initially in the very virtues of the "poetic" method, for the obverse of its subtlety and indirection is its inability to speak explicitly about the role of Hollywood, of Wall Street, of Vietnam ... The significance of Baillie's style is thus double: it is a means of marshaling images to articulate a critique of a social degeneration, and its own formal properties represent values alternative to that degradation. The precision of his perception, the subtle analytic cues of his rhythms, and the virtuoso orchestration of an extended register of sensual tonalities of film not only stand against the commercial film and television and their political complicity, but also stand with the counterculture and its representative, here the American Indian. The aesthetic qualities of Quixote thus allegorize social values, mythic richness, ecological sensitivity, even technological primitiveness; its aesthetic is completely a politics and vice versa. Its method is that of the poet—of associational implications, of connotation, of the play of significance, sensitivity, and seriousness ... 'a cinema which ... has been liberated by poetry'.

- David E. James, Allegories of Cinema

Roslyn Romance (Is It Really True?) (1974); 16mm, color, sound, 17 minutes

"My Romance is intended for something like 'broadcast' form, or like a correspondence... not so much for showing a big batch of it at one sitting. Eventually, it should be in both film and video tape form. The Introduction, Intro. 1 & 2, is finished now. I will send rolls from time to time and hope one of these days to put the rest of it in shape for you to see. Meanwhile, I'll be continuing to record the Romance wherever I am. The work seems to be a sort of manual, concerning all the stuff of the cycle of life, from the most detailed mundanery to... God knows."

—Bruce Baillie, Filmmaker's Cooperative Catalog #7

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Quick Billy (1967-70); 16mm, color and b&w, sound, 56 minutes

"A personal record of the author's psychic journey and physical recovery during a period of his life which might be described essentially as one of transformation... 'the dark wood encountered in the middle of life's journey' (Dante)... As poetic cinema, its significance to the world is perhaps in its narration of a singular phenomena of our time, implicitly revealing those ancient 'rules' of transit evolved over the centuries; e.g., the *Bardo Thodol (The Tibetan book of the Dead)*, as well as Dante Alighieri's own discoveries in the time of the Fourteenth Century Europe, etc. The *Bardo Thodol*, from which parts I—III are adopted structurally, admonishes (the deceased)...' a time of uncertainty, undertaking nothing--fear not the terrifying forms of your own psyche...' Mankind deceased encountering a spectacular stream of images it once viewed as Reality. The film concludes with Part IV, a western one reeler, which dramatically summarizes the material of parts I, II and III, in abstract form. All the film and tape was recorded in Fort Bragg, California, next to the Pacific Ocean. A final subtitle reads 'ever westward eternal rider'. Is it the image of Sisyphus or of Buddha? A beautifully incoherent work or art! A journey towards unity with this recent American film, both macroscopic and universal in its view."

—Hans Helmut Rudele, Die Zeitung, 1970

"This is Baillie's most complex, and probably his greatest, film. [...] The first part carries elements of *Tung* and *Castro Street* to a very pure extreme. Images of nature, the sun and moon, of light, lead into one another with a smooth, but often disturbing, flow. One can readily see the connection to notions of life after death; even more than in *Tung*, these are not images presented in a manner that relates to ordinary, daily seeing. As the film progresses through its parts, a movement toward what seems to be a greater exteriority, a less subjective vision, seems apparent; the last part is a staged western-parody, photographed relatively conventionally. On closer examination, however, the film's progression becomes more ambiguous, and the final section can be seen as being more 'artificial' (it is staged) than the first. The film's various sections and various styles can be seen as extensions of the different modes of filmmaking of Baillie's earlier films; they also relate to the varieties of states of consciousness which we experience in our own lives."

—Fred Camper, Audio-Brandon Catalog, 1978-79

'camera rolls' (1968-69); 16mm, color and b&w, silent, 16 minutes

"'The rolls', silent 3 minute rolls of films that came after the film itself, like artifacts from the descending layers of an archeological dig....numbered 41, 43, 46, and 47. [...] The 'rolls' took the form of a correspondence, or theatre, between their author and Stan Brakhage, in the winter of 1968-69 ..."

—Bruce Baillie

"And you're doing it ART (and 'beyond art', if you like to put it prayerfully that way) all at once. I never saw a tighter knit bag of aesthetical tricks transcending their history—you got Baroque & its Coco balanced near perfectly...and you got the whole Netherlandishes and cups., including the entire Dutch kitchen, carrying yr absolutely specific yearning into some new realm of feeling (that I suppose'll someday be called American): and you got the clear sense, throughout of pains taking care...the surest prayer an artist is enabled to make... and a blessing to all those enabled to see it —thank you."

-Stan Brakhage, letter of February 2, 1969

San Francisco Cinematheque: Four Decades of Film and Video

Sponsored and presented by the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art

Program 2 1961-1971 Canyon Cinema Years

Saturday, March 16th, 2002 at 1:30 pm — San Francisco Museum of Modern Art

The San Francisco Museum of Modern Art will salute the Cinematheque with a historical overview of five programs highlighting some of the notable films and videos Cinematheque premiered or championed throughout four decades of activity.

This program features work by pioneering Bay Area artists whose art and presence had an impact on early activities of Canyon Cinematheque (as it was then known), as well as two by prominent non-locals filmmakers.

Here I Am (1962) by Bruce Baillie; 16mm, b&w, silent, 11 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema A never before released early film made for an Oakland school for mentally disturbed children. (BB)

Angel Blue Sweet Wings (1966) by Chick Strand; 16mm, color, sound, 3 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema

An experimental film poem in celebration of life and visions. (CS)

FFFTCM (1967) by Will Hindle; 16mm, color, sound, 5 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema A Promethean awakening, de-bonding of the human spirit ... reaching for the unfiltered blaze of Light and Life. The driving sounds of heart beat, fanfare for the Common Man and devotional chants. A time of sharing ... a touch of vision in the night. (WH)

Schmeerguntz by Gunvor Nelson and Dorothy Wiley; 16mm, b&w, sound, 15 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema

"...one long raucous belch in the face of the American Home. ...brash enough, brazen enough and funny enough to purge the soul of every harried American married woman." (Ernest Callenbach, *Film Quarterly*)

Third Eye Butterfly (1968) by Storm De Hirsch; 16mm dual-screen projection, color, sound/silent, 10 minutes, print from the Film-Maker's Cooperative

Where is the light coming from? The flavor of the colors are succulent to the long vision in the soul. How can dust cover the arrows of light? How can darkness favor oblivion in the face of light? The variations of soul-touch exist in the auras of illumination. The Great Eye dominates. (Sd)

Arnulf Rainer (1958-60) by Peter Kubelka; 16mm, b&w, sound, 6.5 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema

"...a film whose images can no more be 'turned off' by the closing of eyes than can the soundtrack thereof it (for it is composed entirely of white frame rhythming thru black interspaces and of such an intensity as to create its pattern straight thru closed eyelids) so that the whole 'mix' of the audio-visual experience is clearly 'in the head,' so to speak: and if one looks at it openly, one can see one's own eye cells as if projected onto the screen and can watch one's optic physiology activated by the sound track in what is, surely, the most basic Dance of Life of all." (Stan Brakhage)

The White Rose (1967) by Bruce Conner; 16mm, b&w, sound, 7 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema

Jay De Feo started painting "The White Rose" in 1957. When the unfinished painting was removed eight years later it weighed over 2300 pounds. (BC)

July '71 in San Francisco, Living at Beach Street, Working at Canyon Cinema, Swimming in the Valley of the Moon (1971) by Peter Hutton; 16mm, b&w, silent, 35 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema

"Peter Hutton's film is, to my mind, one of the best of the [diary film] genre — for it truly lets us get inside the filmmaker's mind and sensations through, and in conjunction with, his role as filmmaker. It is almost as if we see how carrying around the camera and focusing on different people, things and events actually changes and refines the filmmaker's normal perception of them. The camera becomes an instrument not to record reality but to expand it. And like any diary, it is both an exploration and crystallization of events and impressions in one's life." (David Bienstock)

Early Canyon Productions:
An Evening With Bruce Baillie and Chick Strand

Bruce Baillie and Chick Strand In Person

Sunday, November 4th, 2001 at 7:30 pm - San Francisco Art Institute

Canyon Cinematheque founders Bruce Baillie and Chick Strand present an evening of early Canyon Cinema films—films either made at Canyon or shown in early Canyon screenings, including Baillie's rarely screened lyrical Cinemanews documentaries (made on shoestring budgets but already informed by his expressive sense of composition) and Chick Strand's unreleased first film *Eric and the Monsters*.

Early films by Bruce Baillie and two by Will Hindle

Brookfield Memorial Recreation Center (1964) by Bruce Baillie; 16mm, b&w, sound, 5 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema

The Gymnasts (1961) by Bruce Baillie; b&w, sound, 8 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema Mr. Hayashi (1961) by Bruce Baillie; b&w, sound, 3 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema Termination (1966) by Bruce Baillie; 16mm, b&w, sound, 5 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema "It was like in the old days at the movies when they had a feature and a cartoon and a serial — and a newsreel. We used outdated, reversal, black-and-white 16mm film. Ernest Callenbach had a little house in back of his place that we used. We couldn't mix sound at that point, so we made wild sound and used a quarter-inch tape recorder. The news itself would sometimes be the guys laying pipe somewhere, mundane information, or it might be a totally cinematic piece. When new people came through, we'd tell them, 'Don't feel obliged, but if you want to make a newsreel, just make whatever you want, and we'll call it The News'" (Bruce Baillie, interviewed by Scott MacDonald in A Critical Cinema 2)

Pastorale d'Ete (1958) by Will Hindle; 16mm, color, sound, 9 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema ... dovetails the lyrical images of a singular high summer's day heat. (WH)

Billabong (1969) by Will Hindle; 16mm, color, sound, 9 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema ... reveal[s] the mood of youths contained by the government. On location in Oregon. Empathetic in the extreme. (WH)

Highlights selected by Chick Strand from her years co-curating Canyon with Bruce Baillie Eric and the Monsters (ca. 1963, unreleased) by Chick Strand; 16mm, print from filmmaker The One Romantic Adventure of Edward (1956) by Lawrence Jordan; 16mm, b&w, sound, 8 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema

A young man, played by Stan Brakhage, gets himself into a seriously comic mix-up by indulging in semi-sexual fantasies, and allowing the fantasies to take over. (LJ)

Bridges Go Round (1958) by Shirley Clarke; 16mm, color, sound, 18 minutes, print from Film-Makers' Cooperative

"Manhattan becomes a maypole as its bridges execute a carefree but magical dance" *Skullduggery* (1960) by Stan Vanderbeek; b&w, sound, 5 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema Double exposure and other methods are used to include animated collage with "live" newsreel footage, mixing the eye with live scenes and unlive scenes, to jibe at so-called world leaders. (SV) *Scotch Hop* (1959) by Christopher MacLaine; 16mm, color, sound, 6 minutes, print from Film-Makers' Cooperative

"... the purest little masterpiece that he ever created. ... an extraordinary, wonderful expression of adolescence." (Stan Brakhage, Film at Wit's End)

(over) Mood Mondrian (1963) by Marie Menken; 16mm, color, silent, 6 minutes, print from Film-Makers' Cooperative A film of a painting of a sound. Piet Mondrian's "Broadway Boogie-Woogie" is translated into visual boogie rhythm. (MM) A Man and His Dog Out for Air (1957) by Robert Breer; 16mm, b&w, sound, 3 minutes print from Canyon Cinema "... the focus is on the drawn line and Breer's ability to use it to create a continuous metamorphosis of a two-dimensional abstract design and three-dimensional illusionism. (Scott MacDonald, A Critical Cinema 2) Loony Tom (1961) by James Broughton; 16mm, b&w, sound, 11 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema "...the amorous progress of a prancing, baggy-trousered, bowler-hatted, demented and blissfully happy tramp who capers across a sunlit countryside and makes love to every woman he encounters." (Paul Dehn, London Times) Puce Moment (1949) by Kenneth Anger; 16mm, color, sound, 7 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema A lavishly colored evocation of the Hollywood now gone, as shown through an afternoon in the milieu of a 1920s film star. (KA) Cosmic Ray (1962) by Bruce Conner; 16mm, b&w, sound, 4 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema I felt that I was, in a way, presenting the eyes for Ray Charles... I was supplying his vision. (BC)

I first "met" Bruce Baillie by telephone just a few weeks ago. My first thoughts were, here is very kind man...here is one of the Greats who has managed to transcend the affected artistpose of so many of his peers ... here is an artist who makes time. And he is a pleasure to talk to...could listen to him for hours on end if it weren't for the phone bill. Not only does he weave a mesmerizing history, his present day life is no less ripe with anecdotes and sublime searches to fill the hours. Because no detail is too small to a poet like Bruce ... all is equal ... all is good for a laugh, even when it's deadly serious. What follows is the piecing together of several of our conversations by memory and through my stream of thought during and after the conversations. A kind of memory interview. Picture: Bruce Baillie at home, this sometime late March of 1995, feverishly (or perhaps calmly) splicing workprints from 20 or more years past in preperation for his visit to San Francisco (the first in a long time -- 10 years maybe). There's almost four hours of it he says, none of which anyone has seen outside his home. (I'm thinking immediately--Kodachrome prints--with those over saturated phosphorescent globs of red...) Picture: Bruce Baillie of Camano Island, Washington where he lives in a modest house with wife, Lorie, and their young daughter, Wind. Is it really an island I ask, thinking isolation ... not really Bruce tells me--it's more of a springboard to a whole series of nice little islands of the north Pacific outside of Seattle. And the neighbors keep to themselves pretty much, it being an upstanding community and all... Except yesterday when the guy next door interrupted Bruce's splicing to address the grave issue of whether or not he "had been in my house". Why no, I haven't, replies Bruce with a subtle air of tranquility. "Well...do you have a key to my house?" (the neighbor continues as though it weren't the first time they had ever spoken) ... No... sorry, I do not have a key to your house ... "Then what about your wife ... maybe she did it ... " No, no I don't think so ... now the tranquility turning to amusement in Bruce, and the neighbor, visibly frustrated, turns to leave on a Final Note: "Well, I can tell when someone's been in my house, rearranging my things!" Bruce recalls he looked like Mr. Rogers, cardigan and all. And I wonder just what is it that attracts such wanderers, searching for some answer hopelessly obscure to them, in Bruce. Is it because he's one of the original wanderers who has learned to love the obscurity of it? Back to splicing. All of these workprints have been sitting in several trunks at his house for years. On top of the trunks a collection of stuffed animals had accumulated, but now the animals have been moved off as he edits. Bruce has an admitted understanding of the importance of his work for many of us fellow film people, not in the conceited sense, but as a plain perception of reality. Lorie and Wind, no doubt affected by Bruce, have an equally plain perception and are beginning to wonder (with some impatience) when all these smelly, dusty reels of celluloid are going to disappear so that the animals may again inhabit their usual home.

Last year, during a trip to the Phillipines, Bruce contracted dysentery. He was, literally, at death's door for a time. The recovery has been full by now, full enough for him to reminisce about the Phillipine people's views on Americans (artists in particular). In the place they stayed (which is also where Lorie comes from) the relatives and friends in that community know little, if any, English. But they do have a universal hand symbol they use whenever they encounter Americans: it stands for the dollar sign. They all think Americans are on "pensions" Bruce says. When Baillies visit the Phillipines, they barely had enough money for food, yet everyone assumes that, since they're American, they should be giving out money. Some people from the Baptist church payed a visit to the Baillies, asking for a donation: Bruce gave them 100 Pesos, which is equivalent to \$5 US Dollars. They were positively insulted, Bruce said, because even the people who are dirt poor give more money than that to the Church. The word of this insult spread throughout the community. The Baillies "never heard the end of it". In more communicative situations, which are few, Bruce finds himself in the throes of obscurity once again. In the Phillipine people's understanding of Americans, Bruce is a "rock star from Hollywood"; these are the only possible permutations on the terms "film" and "artist". If only they knew, if only it could be explained I'm thinking...but Bruce is roaring with laughter at this story, and I'm starting to laugh too...seeing that it is what it is. And Bruce says it's very good to laugh at things like this, because very few artists can do that these days. Back at home, Bruce admits that even Lorie has "no interest" in all his film work. (I think, how could she not be interested ...) But it seems the relationship runs on a different kind of steam... Still, Bruce sometimes gets excited and forgets, like the other day when Lorie was going to the store just as he found a reel of film he shot in Aspen many years ago -- hurry back so you can watch this with me, he asks, I haven't seen it in twenty years...but his request is met with a polite "No thank you". Apparently, there is a basketball game on T.V. which Lorie much prefers over a Bruce Baillie film. Even when upstaged by a basketball game, I'm marveling at the idea of Bruce, a true bohemian who doesn't need the ego support of other "bohemians" to stay happy and know what's what. Bruce recently received a purchase order for a print of Castro Street from the Univ. of Tennessee. The order was made out for \$450.00, a price from the now defunct AFA catalogue. Bruce sent a letter

Bruce recently received a purchase order for a print of Castro Street from the Univ. of Tennessee. The order was made out for \$450.00, a price from the now defunct AFA catalogue. Bruce sent a letter of reply saying that he would really like to charge them \$550 or \$600 because "times are hard...and it is, after all, a work of art...but if you're poor, \$450 is OK..." Some months have passed with no further response, and Bruce is considering sending them a film can with a toy rubber snake coiled up inside. I suggest, how about a live snake...

has laid bare some of my presumptions. For one, he is noticeably devoid of argument, bitterness, and absolute statements. This is the Bruce Baillie who makes video and is a film maker, ever-ready with the original Bolex close at hand, should the opportunity come his way. This is a filmmaker who gets excited when I tell him they still make l6mm Kodachrome, and that I am shooting it when the opportunity comes my way. Despite the communication problem, Bruce greatly admires and enjoys the Filipino spirit: it reminds him of the spirit of the early Canyon days, which is saying "what do I have" and not "what don't I have"--as in the principles of Haikido--"if your opponent grabs both hands from behind, you think--well he doesn't have the use of his hands--and I still have my feet--so I can kick him in the shins!"

The burdens of the bitter and broken Great Avant-Gardist of the sixties never took hold of Bruce. Yes, I think he should be shooting Kodachrome today, and maybe I'll buy him a roll when he's here, for the pleasure of it. And I'll watch those workprints and the four hours of video he's also bringing. There's no argument when the bile is gone, things are what they are, and an obscure grey area is a comfortable place. All the whiners should think about that every so often. And laugh at their predicament...

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April 13, 1995

For TIM WILKINS - 5pp From Irina/Cinemathegue Fax 558-0455

FOR BRUCE BAILLIE: CANYON CINEMA'S FATHER, MY DAD

(a reminiscence and appreciation)

Dear Son, Michael; Dear Big One; Dear Guy; Dear Bigness; Dear Big Guy; Dearest Big Boy--these are invariably how the letters and cards would begin. Following this would often be a series of musings on the state of the art (film/video) and the state of the world, both (inevitably) in a state of decline. Also included might be some minutiae pertaining to his financial condition and state of health, both precarious. Then there might follow some requests to help him obtain materials and equipment or a teaching or lecture engagement. Finally would come the suggestion of traveling together somewhere in the near future, usually Mexico, Thailand, the Philippines, or some other far-flung locale. Then he'd sign off: --Dad; Love, Dad; Your Dad.

So began a tradition in the fitful, erratic correspondence between Bruce Baillie and myself that has lasted for many years. He became my "Dad", and I needed one, my first having died much too young, and unexpectedly, of a heart attack, when I was 23. And I became his "Son", an identity that seemed to serve Bruce in some way as well. Father/Son. Teacher/Pupil. Mentor/Protege.

But Bruce Baillie really has many sons (and daughters), having "fathered" Canyon Cinema into being thirty years ago. That tale (the sheet hung in the backyard, and so on) has been told many times, and has become part of the folklore of Canyon's history. Many filmmakers of my generation consider Baillie as figure in the experimental film movement, or a significant

influence in their own work. Newer generations are just beginning to discover his film poetry.

My own personal connection with Bruce Baillie was almost accidental. Between my sophomore and junior years in college (the summer of 1968), I decided to enroll in a film production course at the Mendocino Art Center in northern California. I had already been exposed to an incredible array of film artists and their work (courtesy of P. Adams Sitney at Yale U.). I had seen CASTRO STREET and was completely seduced by its power and grace. I was anxious to try my own hand at this novel art form. As it happened, the instructor that summer in Mendocino was Bruce Baillie.

I had never encountered anyone like Bruce before. He seemed to march completely to his own drummer, but what drummer was that? He seemed to be guided in his work and life by a powerful intuition connected directly to the land and to his senses. His communication reflected this: a seriousness about his art and purpose peppered with philosophical digressions and zen-like riddles. As a cynical, 20-year-old college hippie, Bruce's directness and lack of irony seemed odd, somehow old-fashioned. Even his humor seemed somehow of another era. Yet he giggled like a little kid, and his obvious enthusiasm as a teacher was utterly genuine. Was he a wise man, or a fool?

My recollections of that summer are like brief snapshots. Bright, gray, overcast days casting an even, intense light. Bruce walking through the tall grass of the Mendocino coastal fields, his Bolex

waving and looping through the air, seeming a natural extension of his arm, his body, his eye. I was stunned at the ease and grace with which he seemed to gather his images, his seemingly effortless technical proficiency— an immediate intuitive grasp of what he needed to film, an apparent sixth artistic sense. Yet it was difficult for me to really be myself around Bruce. I was intimidated by him, in awe of him, wanting his approval. My earliest films, shot that summer, strongly reflect his influence: lyrical, moody, elegiac, off-hand. I was just beginning to find my artistic voice, and borrowing/reflecting that of my mentor seemed perfectly appropriate.

Other snapshots: Bruce scaling a cliff (like a crab) from a bluff down to the ocean, his body a series of Tai Chi routines; Bruce naked, showering outside his cabin, casually surrounded by his horses and dogs; sitting at the wood table with Bruce and his girlfriend Charlotte eating green peppers stuffed with kasha. And the most memorable: pressing the button on the carefully framed and tripoded Bolex for section four of QUICK BILLY, filmed that summer. Baillie acting the Cowboy Hero in this section and needing a cameraman: Me!

That summer remains for me a turning point in my life. Since then I have changed and grown, artistically and otherwise. My sense is that Bruce Baillie has as well, though in a different way. He's simply become more firmly himself. I've often thought that he was born in the wrong century. The march of technical innovation and progress that has continued geometrically throughout the latter half of this century is meaningless to him. It matters little,

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and in fact is a source of annoyance. Bruce moves at a pace that is slower, more considered, more reflective. For him the train is a central icon, and reflects his concern that we experience, truly, moving from one place to another. Wasting time is not a concept that concerns him, for there is really nowhere to go and nothing to achieve. Except, perhaps, self-knowledge and a certain contentment that can only come from a truly engaged life.

"Try to avoid the politics of 'correctness' as you mature, grow, learn, work." [B.B. to M.W., 7/11/92]

"So, as always, I would resort to poesy, rather than the blatant prose of the knobheaded and dullwitted." [8/17/92]

I vividly remember a rather enormous papier-maché bust, a giant head that resembled Uncle Sam, co-habiting the cabin with Bruce and Charlotte, or sometimes residing outside as a sort of sentinel. Apparently, Bruce had found this figure in a costume shop in San Francisco at some point and had taken a liking to it. The outsized head had become a sort of mascot. Bruce held on to the figure; it would show up over the years in photos he would send me. Eventually, it seemed to me to develop a definite personality of its own, one which merged with Bruce and evolved into an alter-ego: Dr. Bish.

I spoke with Bruce recently and discovered that the Dr. (a "full-blown Ph.D.") was a character invented while Baillie was teaching at Bard College. Dr. Bish/Baillie's purpose, via a weekly newspaper column, was to defend the rights (of presumably disenfranchised students) and provide the "missing ingredients of

academic life". As well, the Dr. was a vehicle to make fun of the entire campus scene, in particular its President ("What is Bruce trying to do to me with this terrible creature?!").

The Dr. Bish mythos became more elaborate: he had a sister in Kansas who was the head of the Women's Brigade; a wayward younger brother out west, Billy Bish, who won an award for the most promising sophomore; and finally the elder brother Maynard, evidently some sort of genius. Presently, Dr. Bish/Baillie hosts a "commuter radio show" in rural Washington where Bruce lives, providing helpful advice and sharing local gossip (and maybe recipes). Bruce had envisioned a TV talk show ("sort of a Johnny Carson thing") but the logistics proved too daunting.

All this is vintage Baillie: quirkly, quaint, silly, fun, provocative. But above all, in his own stubborn, idiosyncratic fashion, it is an attempt to inject some sanity, freshness, vitality, and folk wisdom into the daily lives of the sleepwalking masses. Perhaps Bruce Baillie is an anachronism. If so, we could certainly benefit from more of his kind.

"'Even children have this problem', I wrote on receiving your letter; what problem? Loving, I guess-- sharing, connecting--giving/taking, relating. It's all gone (modern society). Even children are lonely, even horses-- isolated, alone, pastured, at best, if not entirely abandoned, out in the rain and the cold, figuratively and literally." [B.B. to M.W., 2/2/93]

---Michael Wallin
(April 5, 1995)

excerpt from Statement by

Bruce Baillie (14 application for a

(1) foundation film grant)

(reprinted by permission of Mr. Baillie)

The printed by permission of Mr. Baillie)

The printed by permission of Mr. Baillie)

the place in which they lived, the plants they cultivated, the fuel they used for warmth, their beasts, and their ancestors. My work will be discovering in American life those natural and ancient contacts through a contemporary form, the motion picture.

After I had graduated from the University of Minnesota, where I studied film under Professors Allen Downs and George Amberg, my thinking and my dreams began to turn to film form. Four years later I attended the London School of Film Technique. It was the uncertain, detached period following this, wandering through Europe, that sent me home to disciplined work for the first time in my life. I have put myself through my own school since that time, learning the fundamentals of film technique.

The main thing I have begun to learn came to me at the very first by surprise: I already possessed a fairly well developed knowledge of myself in relation to work in the theater. A friend and myself had created a theater in South Dakota, magically, deriving from no outside influence I can name. I had come to know the sense of bringing an idea into life, how it was necessary to pay attention to detail, etc. I knew the shape of this kind of work. In film I would have expected to continue in the ways that were familiar to me; conceiving an idea, organizing the material and then setting about to reproduce the essential concept. Rather, I found from the first that the environment of the film itself would have a primary influence. In film I begin by committing myself to a strange environment ... "by taking that first step into darkness" (Ingmar Bergman). As I live and work there within the film I discover what it is. About three-quarters through the work I become more consciously selective, scripting after each day's shooting, studying the background to themes that are occurring, etc. It is a curious union, the poet being the most prejudiced of men. This method that is taking shape in my work, naturally affecting form and content, has likely grown out of necessities not unfamiliar to other independent film-makers: The immense expense of energy and finance. Limited equipment. Undependability of environment - actors, settings, relationships, etc. And probably a natural reaction against traditional film-making which no longer serves our time.

My most recent film, To Parsifal, is an example of this approach. When I began to work on it I had no idea I would find myself in the old European legend, nor involved with Wagner's music. When I began I only knew that it was to be a tribute to summer.

I do not believe in shoddy technique. Though it is a complex medium it is possible for an individual to integrate his skills in creating, photographing, and editing sound and picture. I believe as Chagall that an artist comes to know his craft when he has worked at it for a very long time. It is exciting to consider that there will be poets in our time on the loose with the tools of the motion picture. In my next film it is my wish to work in certain senses within the standard:

1) The film will be well-photographed and the sound properly recorded - 55MM, rectangular screen dimension. At the same time it will have the light camera freedom peculiar to 16MM. 2) A minimum feature length of 75 minutes. Continuing my own natural development, working at my "environmental" method with the psychology of feature form in my head. On the other hand the material will mostly come from real life, an aspect usually associated with the documentary. This film should demonstrate that a quality feature-length film need not be nearly so expensive as it is customarily thought to be. I will be doing all the work on the film - including conformation of the negative and the sound recording - with the exception of composing music and handling the controls while dubbing the sound track. The formally composed music will be an integral part of the work, created by a composer of my own generation and sympathies.

There will be some realistic, synchronous sound (using a new lightweight portable recorder) coming from real situations, mixed in various ways with familiar sound material from nature and the cities, from radio, television, and the movies, etc. - sounds from within the picture. A narrator and portions of the music will be from "outside", i.e., the track at times conceived as an independent element. The sounds - the things people are saying - will be used in the same manner as with movement - the things people are doing: Gestures, making a connection way back with the race. Hieroglphys. Monuments: The museum without walls of Andre Malraux. The contemporary art, film, giving to us the experience of a civilization in its time and place, alive.

The strongest aspect of my last work, To Parsifal, was man and his environment, being in two distinct parts - one on the sea, and the other in the mountains and woods. The film is involved with a similar compassion for nature and animal life that was expressed by Wagner at the time he created his opera to Parsifal. My next film will develop this interest by using animal forms, as well as human, at once in a symbolic way (as with those familiar Euphratean signs of the Zodiac) and in an every-day, naturalistic way. The overall form may be influenced by that of Arabia Deserta, the literary work of Charles Doughty. I am interested in the compositional idea suggested by "travels in". The extreme human condition of the nomads on the unfruitful desert, the worn reliefs of ancient forms on the monuments near which they sometimes camp. That land and in proximity the lands of the Old Testament where much of the mythological foundation to our own civilization was formed.

-3-

This film, in contrast to my lest, will be focused on man. I hope that through it information will be recorded about what men are really doing - a record hopefully absent of the gross detachment common to popular movie-making, to the use of worn, dishonest devices, commercial adolescence, etc. Such a film will have to be created through living with the film and the subject as one, during its evolution. I offer the example in literature of Maxim Gorky's short stories. Sauch examples I offer knowing my work will be influenced by them.

In American films there is a potential that is used in jazz, a kind of swinging play on familiar patterns, which in film would come out of movie sterotypes, television and magazine advertising material, and the radio, as well as from every-day life, used in both picture and sound according to rhythm and "key", just as in music. It is a basis in film form through which a contemporary, healthy, anarchistic spirit can operate. Less literary, but similarly based on convention, as in Francois Truffaut's ... got the Piano Player. (What kind of crocks are they, joking with the captured here - the camera holding on them for an unexpectedly detailed character examination - and later shooting the young lady in at least a partly 3-64: serious tragic scene?) One thing in favor of a frame of reference based on an acrecenT ceptance of commonly known form, as opposed to a more distinct revolt, is the fact ex: of a given grounds for communication. It often allows - even suggests immediate "D:freedom to invent and develop. Truffaut's predecessor, Jean Vigo, created a classic work in Zero de Conduite by his own exciting and unexpected way of combining conlove. ventions. of film composition. I am interested in having the vast audience that is the special province of the motion picture see a contemporary American film. It is my own plan to bring some of the cultural wealth already extant in our underground cinema to ordinary audiences by presenting it within a context which they can accept. They will at the same moment be urged to learn how to see - " just as those first audiences had to learn when a train rushed at them from the screen in The Great Train Which Robbery". (Paul Tulley) West Coast lecturer.) may

Having already begun the film, I am at the time of writing this application traveling across the country in an initial search. I have discovered the introduction, which begins in a tradition from classical drama using a nerrator who creates a context for the audience before the drama begins, continuing to comment as it proceeds, and becoming a possible device for making changes in time and place. The difference in that classical figure and mine lies in the fact that the exact nature of the narration in the film is not known before shooting begins. I will discover what he has to say while I am discovering the film itself; the elements will run together because they will be of a single poetic phenomenon.

Popular

Introduction: There is an old man in Dayton, Nevada who stends beside his house behind a squash pa tch that climbs up a low fence. He talks a bout the people, living and deceased, of that part of the country. The film begins in mid-sentence, the old man talking animatedly to the audience, referring now and then to ... the fool that planted all them squash so close together ... The camera does no cut away to an expected close-up, the shot holds, the old man goes on. Eventually the first cut is to a heron, in the thin river next to town. This shot is equally long, and disturbing. The voice of the old man continues.

Ti

THE FORD FOUNDATION PROGRAM FOR FILM MAKERS, 1963

Bruce Baillie

BUDGET	(4)	
I. Sho	oting schedule - traveling - estimate 3 months:	
	35MM Camera rental (Arriflex)	800.00
	Travel, living expenses, \$250.00 per month	750.00
	Production assistant, \$150.00 per month	450.00
	Minimal budget for location assistance	300.00 25.00 1,400.00
	at sound tape	50.00
II. Edi	ting, sound, laboratory. Estimate 3 months	
	Living expenses, \$150.00 per month	450.00
	Music	600.00
	35MM Moviola rental 24.00 per week synchronizer 3 8.00 per week ditor-viewer 3 10.00 per week splicer 3 8.00 per week (for 2 mo.)	400.00
	35MM magnetic sound film 3 5¢ per ft. (12,000 ft. for initial transfer 6,750 ft. for master track)	562.50
	Sound Lab. (approximately \$50.00 per hr.) Transfer and final mixing	500.00
	Work Print and developing negative @ 92 c per ft.	1,425.00
	First trial fine grain print, 35MM, sound @ .1292 per ft. (6,750 ft.)	900.00
	Total estimate	\$9,812.50

^{*} I will be working with the assistance and talent of friends and with non-actors which will keep production costs to a minimum.

Bruz Baillie - Michael Wallen Correspondence

Cinematograph Volume 5 1993

P. 14-15 Bruce Baillie-Michael Wallin Correspondence [post card from Bruce Baillie 7/11/92] Dear Michael-I don't have your current address. Sure nice to see you again – & Steve & Dominic. I'll send photos if any good. Come up if you can. Try to avoid the politics of "correctness" as you mature, grow, learn, work. Sunday night....August 9, 1992 Dear Bruce, Thanks for the photos, except that I still need one of you! I guess the one(s) I took of you didn't turn out...but if they did, send one... It was great to see you again after several years of no contact and to maintain the thread of continuity in our relationship... father/son, mentor/pupil(?)...You really do hold a special place in my life, even though our communication is pretty minimal. I enjoyed the dinner at the Vietnamese place a lot (great food!) - the whole experience reminded me what a unique and one-of-a-kind dude you are, Bruce! (...in all good ways, of course) And, even though I didn't anticipate it, it was quite moving to see your films again (MASS..., CASTRO ST., ALL MY LIFE). It'd been a while and they're just as strong, potent...actually, more so, given the slick or gimmicky dreck that passes for feelingful statements these days. And yes, I will scrupulously avoid the "politics of correctness" wherever I can. It's a bit rough with my new film, which (and you will appreciate this no doubt) deals with sexual fantasy and desire and whatnot focusing on my particular obsession—young men (not pre-pubescent or even adolescent, but late teens and early twenties). Probably for the same reasons (psychologically, emotionally) that you favor young women (and girls). Plus... there's no sex between them, as it were. They are there in a sense to express themselves and to represent actual masturbatory fantasies for me. Some are fully clothed, some are in underwear, some are nude, some have hard-ons (some don't!), some jack off.... etc...etc...There's a lot more to it, conceptually, visually, but that's the part that makes me a little nervous and that I may get flak for as it were....What d'ya think, Bruce?!? Anyway, I'll try to make it up to visit before too much time passes...I'd love to hang out with Wind! Stay well, be happy, be productive, stay in touch! Love, P.S. there's a contest for the title of my new film....win \$100! You know the theme...can you express it in 3 or 4 words? Something like "rules of attraction" or "algebra of need", but they're taken... 14 CINEMATOGRAPH/SENTIENCE

8/17 or so— Dear Big One—

nice letter; appreciate hearing from you, my boy: Well—probably brief here, about midday rest time—doing antibiotics for local, NW bronchial virus that won't give up.

Also apprec. hearing of current film, seems an important one: should write this in middle of night clarity, but will give it a try—



1. I think you should give it a try—plunge into.... IT, the biggest one, the one that lies submerged in your soul—the image, like a single blow, a new-born spring leaf in your tree's particular secret spring — all secrets adding to One mystery, the ineffable (sp?), indescribable going force that is LIFE; Each of us (who is alive) has his own curious *preference* (e.g., *The Cardinal*), that gorgeous ikon which inhabits yet doth not inhibit our psyche, the One (beloved) we have carried in our bosom through the ages. Yes, one must sing the song of the Beloved.

2. But be poet. Engage the Beloved in appropriate terms, of beauty— mere (hurried) prose will not do it (though certainly acceptable in 1990's art circles, sexuality and fashionable politics having somehow become synonymous (sp.) with Art). This is, as I would see it, the pitfall to transcend. I would be up to it. Will you? You can stand your naked boys up with their erect cocks and all, as though they were in a police line-up (possibly an interesting, visual premise for film, after all... the horizontal lines for height, etc...) — or you can restate in motion, shadow, shade, color— however you see it.

Another problem (for me, anyway) is availability of real persons to photograph in order to realize this profound inner vision— very difficult: I can only imagine cutting away from the family for awhile, as I finally did Canyon Cinema, in order to work. I imagine some village community— or perhaps a city—Mexico, Brazil, India, Cambodia, Thailand, Malaysia, ?. Massive poverty might compensate for conventional morality. If one could only escape from the witness at the front door.

The stuff of my own archetypal *angel* is right here where I live & work, among the Mexicans, but conventionalized mentality prohibits any serious connection between subject and work.

And, at my own stage/age of evolution, my thesis appears to be focused on a permanence which is ultimately non-sexual—the meaning still quite elusive. It seems that *finally* one loves LOVE it/her/him-self. Thus one must focus on what is given (at last) to state/claim/sing.

If you do the same from where you are you will be able to bring it through. Be glad we're not in Wilde's times. If I were, in our times, to do my own mythic vision of *Love* & Loving (which is Living), I would be crucified not only in my own neighborhood but among the fashionable political matriarchy (incl. the male apologists) of our intelligentsia.

So, as always, I would revert to poesy, rather than the blatant prose of the knobheaded & dull-witted.

p.s.-

I need enough \$ to get a Hi-8 camcorder— could use a well-paying tour &/or at least a semester's seminar (well paid)—any ideas?

It's all been carried away in the "dreck", was that your word? Didn't I send a xerox of a favorite photo of self last note? Here's another + recent shot of *my own hieroglyphic fancy*. (save these notes for posterity).

Q speak of loving, o confusing the worlds One random, flishtelly the other Alter Asser hinte (which is which?) Punded by Love I reveal ming innoutionable to the the cont 2: Two long ropes -, frozen tenam flast gly astho liked a tou bout of the













THE FILMS OF



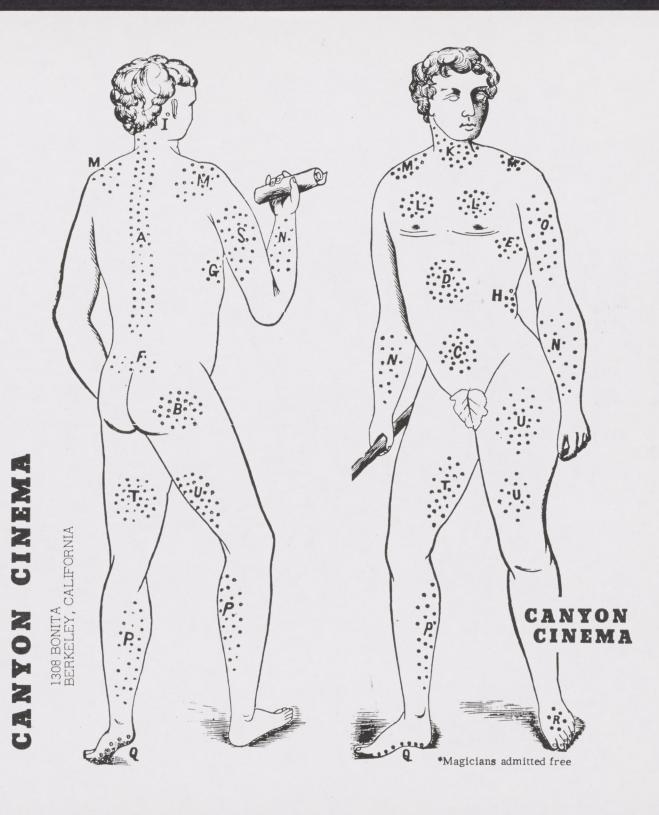




Cinemanews*

- 1 FILMS F STAN BRAKHAGE AND 3:10 TO YUMA
- 2 THE FILMS OF LARRY JORDAN
- THE KID FILMS OF MAYA DEREN
- 4 RASHOMON TO PARSIFAL
- THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY
 KNIGHT OF THE TRAIL
 HIGH NOON
- BROTHER ORCHID
 CHRISTMAS CAROL COMMUN. SING ALL WET
- 7 DREAM OF THE WILD HORSES OLD CARTOONS NEW EAST COAST SHORT FILMS
- 8 BLOOD AND SAND MUD AND SAND





The Exothematic Man: Canyon Cinema's first logo.

FILMS

at the CABALE, 2504 San Pablo, Berkeley. Thursdays, 7:30 P.M.

at the TAPE MUSIC CENTER (TMC), 321 Divisidero, San Francisco. Fridays, 8:30 P.M.

AUGUST 15 (CABALE)

FILMS OF STAN BRAKHAGE.

West Coast premiere for two new films:

DOG STAR MAN: PART I (Color, silent)
Continuing from "Prelude: Dog Star Man," '61, 'in
the tradition of Ezra Pound's vorticism, Part I is a
Noh drama." 'Each shot appears only as an isolated
piece which cannot be appreciated until it is understood within the context of the entire mosaic.

OH LIFE - A WOE STORY - THE A TEST NEWS Three TV Concretes.

3:10 TO YUMA

Photographed by James Wong Howe.
'...a ruthless desperado, handcuffed but still more dangerous than a rattlesnake.'

AUGUST 29 (CABALE) AUGUST 30 (TMC)

SIX FILMS EXTRAORDINAIRE BY LARRY JORDAN

FINDS OF THE FORTNIGHT

'61 With Hildur Mahl, Tito Patri, Geo. Herms, Dildar Gill, Louise K. Doyle, Jo Ann Kyger. Titles by Jess.

THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

'62 A five-minute animated tour through engravings of the 1876 Exposition.

THREE PORTRAITS

'60 Portrait of Sharon. Tete-a-tete, portrait of Victor Moscoso. Portrait of Patricia with Lute.

THE SEASONS' CHANGES

'60 A window upon the world where radiances of light and leaves dance in movement of breezes, counterpointed as the camera lingers and caresses objects and idols of the household. A lyrical and evocative tone-poem approaching the screen as an artist's notebook to sketch a moving sequence of moods.' . . . Robt. Duncan, '63.

PATRICIA GIVES BIRTH TO A DREAM Y THE DOORWAY

'62 An animated ste angraving.

UNDERTOW

'56 A lyric fantasy changing from black & white to color with an original score composed and conducted by Morton Subotnik (Tape Music Center).

SEPTEMBER 12 (CABALE) SEPTEMBER 13 (TMC)

THE KID

Charlie Chaplin, with Jackie Coogan. Feature-length, released by First National in 1921.

FILMS OF MAYA DEBEN

AT LAND

RITUAL IN TRANSFIGURED TIME

'Nothing can be achieved in the art of film until its form is understood as the product of a completely unique complex: the exercise of an instrument which can function, simultaneously, both in terms of discovery and of invention.' Maya Deren, 1946 ("An Anagram of Ideas on Art, Form, and Film.")

SEPTEMBER 26 (CABALE) SEPTEMBER 27 (TMC)

RASHOMON

by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

TO PARSIFAL.

by Bruce Baillie. Premiere showing of a new film in Ektachrome color. From the spirits in Wagner's opera.

OCTOBER 10 (CABALE) OCTOBER 11 (TMC)

THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY Crime does not pay

KNIGHT OF THE TRAIL
Produced by Thomas Ince, with W.S. Hart.

HIGH NOON

Producer, Stanley Kramer. Director, Fred Zinnemann.

OCTOBER 24 (CABALE) OCTOBER 25 (TMC)

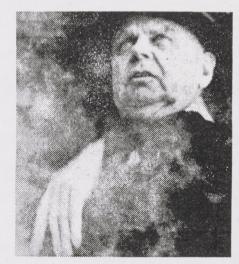
BROTHER ORCHID

Humphrey Bogart, Ed. G. Robinson, Ann Southern.

CHRISTMAS CAROL COMMUN. SING

ALL WET

with Charlie Chase.



JULES BASCOM IN FLETCHMNGLE OF ANOTHER DAY
(a significant film)

7 NOVEMBER 7 (CABALE) NOVEMBER 8 (TMC)

DREAM OF THE WILD HORSES

By special request. Produced by Denys Colomb de Daunant. Music by Jacques Laspy.

OLD CARTOONS

NEW EAST COAST SHORT FILMS

To be announced later. Much film activity on the East Coast - work distributed through Film-maker's Co-op, 414 Park Ave. S., N.Y.

NOVEMBER 21 (CABALE) NOVEMBER 22 (TMC)

BLOOD AND SAND with that old Trojan, Rudolph Valentino (before his death).

MUD AND SAND with Stan Laurel as Rhubarb Vaseline.

*Typewriter needed at Canyon Cinema.

*To remain on mailing list send card, or sign up at

*Canyon Cinema will be working with the Tape Music Center, KPFA, and the Ann Halprin Dance Workshop, at 321 Divisidero, S.F., to create a center for experimentation in the different media.



Brandeis Awards

Chaplin and Baillie Win in Film Category

Charles Chaplin and Bruce Baillie, a Bay Area filmmaker, were among nine winners of the 1971 Brandeis University Creative Arts awards. conferred Sunday at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York.

In the four fields of poetry, music, sculpture and films, medals were given in recognition of a "lifetime of distinguished achievement," while the citations went to persons judged to be in mid-career.

Chaplin, the medalist, was praised for his comic guise as the tramp of the silent screen. It was "certainly the most famous, complex and vulnerably human character in the history of the cinema," the citation said. It went on to comment that the Chaplin "impact as performer, writer, director and producer is Promethean and shall prevail as long as humanity must laugh and cry."

Mrs. Josephine Chaplin Sistovaris accepted the award for her father who now lives in Vevey, Switzerland, where he is planning a new film, "The Freak."

Baillie's citation said that



Charles Chaplin The Tramp



Bruce Baillie Rare Imagination

"he sharply focuses his inno-lard Wilbur and James rare imagination."

The 40-year-old filmmaker's work includes "To Parsifal," "Mass," "Quixote," "Castro Street," and his latest work, "Quick Billy."

Other awards went to Rich- prize of \$1000.

vative camera on the serious Wright for poetry; Earl Kim, and the bizarre, the docu- a former UC music profesmentary and the abstract, sor, and John Harbison for weaving into his superb films music; Louise Nevelson and Claes Oldenburg for sculpture and a special award for creative achievementin dance went to George Balanchine, choreographer.

Each award carried a cash

LETTERS: SAN FRANCISCO FILM SCENE

Letters: San Francisco Scene

by Bruce Baillie and Stan

Brakhage

Film Culture 29. summer 1963

Berkeley 8, California P.76

November 23, 1962

Jonas Mekas:

Canyon Cinema began, here in Berkeley, hopefully considering itself a part of the community. Through a long period of warfare with the elements of authority with which our generation is familiar we have become an underground theater. Now it is the same with myself.

I have just uncovered a term for the way I plan to exist, and continue working: "Home Movies." Some of us around the country will be creating for a time, perhaps the duration of our lives, home movies. Forced back to the most bare limitations of life and work one can

still walk familiar streets, stand at the back door to watch the changes of sun.

I have myself taken great interest in the radio—ordinary AM broadcasting. If I can find an AM set to work with my tape recorder I will be spending the days of this coming winter rain recording: phony doctors talks on liver, the negroes in church in Oakland, sheriffs spec

rain recording: phony doctors talks on liver, the negroes in church in Oakland, sheriffs speaking via short wave from Texas on week-end disasters, the Japanese hour from San Jose, politicians, Boston Blacky, etc. Home movies. I don't know exactly what to say for those of us who are without camera-if we have good attendance at our showings this winter we should have one or two communal cameras available locally.

We continue to address the fathers of our bountiful society for... some sort of acceptance, I guess. It is their replies over several years that have brought me to my recent definition of the theater in which I am at home.

We are fortunate here in having a supply of free, outdated film. I hope our new newsletter will be of help in such things as locating outdated film for independent film-makers scattered here and there.

Sincerely yours, Bruce Baillie

San Francisco IO, Calif. Sept. 22, 1962

A Letter to Jonas
"About Something Else--Not Money"

Dear Jonas:

I begin to see (as I see thru the works of other, by way of my own films) an inter-related convergence:

All that reach of the old country doc school of film-making into areas of vision (as in "Pacific 231" by way of Honegger's terrible music machine)...

All this reach of vision into immediacy (as in my "Window Water Baby Moving" thru belief in unpredictable-eventuality)...

All of the promise (as I foresaw it at the time) in the fact that both Maya Deren and I independently, separated by nearly 2000 miles and 2 years of non-communication, formulated specific filmic ideology directly related to Haiku poetry...

All working its way, very independently, thru documentary beginnings (as I see it) in the works of Richard Leacock and Dan Drasin, etcetera...

Along with all that documentary ramble meandering its way into the dramatic films (as what is seen-scene rather than scene-seen) of Robert Frank and Ron Rice, etcetera...

And the ways in which the extremely independet films of Marie Menken and Stan Vanderbeek can be viewed (with an eye off-center of mise en scene) as "documentaries"...

With an eye on the way in which the younger film-makers (as represented by the bulk of the films out of, say, east-coast Film-Workshop or west-coast Canyon Cinema) pick up the cues, a stitch at a time (as Lloyd Williams is the only real weaver I've yet found out of either group), as dropped in such works as "Choreography for Camera" by Maya Deren, "Eaux d'Ar-

I haven't seen Bruce for eleven years, and even then it was only for five minutes. I was at Evergreen in Olympia for a couple of days. Bruce lived nearby in a trailer. There must have been some sort of distress connected with the college for Bruce, because as I was walking across campus in the evening, there he was, I think in his Jaguar. I didn't recognize him at all because he was in disguise with a blond wig on. It seemed as if the contact wasn't a part of our on going friendship, as if we weren't supposed to meet then, it wasn't in the cards, it wasn't our fate, it wasn't in the books, it wasn't time, but a glimpse as if we were entirely different people would be okay, almost out of time. Prior to that we hadn't met for maybe a dozen years. But it was as if, should we have wanted, we could sit right down and plan another several months of shows in the same old way. Of course we were leading very different lives by then. In those early years after we both had left Berkeley, when I was in LA and he in Mendocino, then Washington, we saw each other rarely, sometimes up north and once he came to visit us in LA. We would write. When he was at Bard, sometimes we'd talk on the phone. A couple of years would go by, the phone would ring, and it would be Bruce imitating Brando in The Godfather. We would continue the conversation we'd had during the previous contact, as if nothing had changed, and between us, it hadn't. Recently we write and talk more often, mainly about everyday stuff, the bathtub is falling through the floor, the guy is coming to fix it; going to the bakery to get old bread to feed the seagulls, and how angry the neighbors get that they are being fed, the guys down the street who are making noise in the middle of the night and the disadvantages involved in telling them to shut up; what's going on in the garden; talk about our children; what projects we are working on, but never much about content until the last year or so. We are comfortable in our friendship, both rather isolated, working alone. We have become the old farts. Although we have led very different lives, we haven't changed much basically. The same unspoken view of humanity which drew us together as friends in the first place keeps us close now, a faith in freedom and disgust for intolerance. May the little guy, the nobody, prevail.

The images; the dead poet/hero in the street, no comfort for the dying, the motorcycle, mother, you might as well mourn, the old Indian men in the coffee shop, the sheep on the hill in golden light, the sea, the photo of Bruce in his little WWI pilot's hat, playing bear in the house by the ocean, the hands on the guitar, Tung on skates, the fat man walking in the red zone, the woman in the forest, the train, powerful, the poetic power, the marchers, Mr. Hayashi, the still of a man and his dog, the fountain of wild red roses over a fence, rebirth. I have watched them over and over during the past twenty-five years, alone in the projection room. One can only "get" them by feeling them. Seeing them is simply heaven.

Love

for the Dakota Sioux

A film Mass by Bruce Baillie. Winter, 1963 - 64.

"What, in our human world, is this power to live? It is the ancient, lost reverence and passion for human personality, joined with the ancient, lost reverence and passion for the earth and its web of life." - John Collier, U. S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1933 - 45.

In this film a lone figure, mainly representing Individual Man, is seen dying on the street. He is applauded ... an incidental tribute to Jean Cocteau, the (Blood of a Poet), and other things. "Seeing a cat run over on Ashby Avenue I wonder how I am to face the deaths of thousands ... the thousand deaths of Man". - from early notes on the film.

The ancient Western- European-rite, the Catholic Mass: The basis for religious worship since the early Christian era; the basis for great works in music. And in this film, paradoxically, serving as a structure wherein contemporary life is depicted as non-religious, therefore, non-cultural. Mass is dedicated to an American Indian civilization which was, though non-Christian, surely religious, therefore, cultured in the fundamental sense of man-environment myth contact.

The pictures and sounds are from the city. "Canned", vague, artificial. The film, like the Mass, is constructed in parts. The INTROIT follows a short, dark introduction. It is a lightly exposed, almost entirely white section composed in the camera from day to day, going to work, visiting friends up and down the coast, etc.

Following this the KYRIE begins: Gregorian Chant and motorcylist crossing the San Francisco Bay bridge. This part is the actual length of the Kyrie Eleison in the Mass from which it was recorded.

The central part is in several sections, the first taking the place of a kind of short prayer preceding the EPISTLE - or specific message of the Mass - is made up of material shot through a diffusion filter at a banana receiving dock where the film-maker was employed. This section fades out and moves on to the body of the Epistle, growing more chaotic - built mainly around TV material - often with an audio layer of the sound of "the mass" rising and falling. - ending with applause. The GRADUAL follows abruptly with the sound of a siren and Ray Miland in a '33 Cadillac speeding across the bridge.

In the Church the COMMUNION is the real reason and meaning of the Mass. Although the film follows the rite more closely than is customary on the part of composers of music, the Communion is somehow not the heart of this work:

The OFFERTCRY comes in the silence and blackness after the old sedan enters a tunnel and its siren suddenly stops. The second chant recorded at the Trappist Monastery at Vina, California, accompanies the shadowy images of lights and then people moving through the city. The Offertory is essentially a procession.

Enter the siren and the car. The figure of the dying man, called in the script the poet, is the object of the "celebrant's" action (Ray Miland followed by two assistants with a stretcher) in what has been conceived as the CONSE-CRATION. The body is taken away through an anonymous, isolated people as the last chant is heard, the final song for the hero of this work.

Though we as a film audience are not accustomed to allowing emphasis on such small moments on the screen, the very last hazy figure of a man - seen for a few seconds at the end, before the chant is finished - is the most pure depiction of the sympathetic spirit in the film, therefore, in every sense a completion of the Mass life cycle.



DR. BISH questions & answers

Dr. Bish wishes to thank his readers for their many cards and letters offering condolences for the treatment he has suffered at the hands of the evil New York genius, Dr. Molin. However, there is good news: Dr. Bish writes this week from Guadalajara, Mexico, Pension Pomplona, where he reports he is safe and sound, and ready to take up the responsibilities of his column.

Our thanks to Manfred von Bish, critic and lecturer, for his very welcome contributions to our publication.

- Ed.



VIEW, FROM THE PENSION POM-PLONA, GUADALAJARA. SRTA. LUPE SASA ZAMORA EN SOLE-DAD, LOVELY COMPANION TO DR. BISH.

Dr. Bish,

Can you tell me how to love myself?

Dear Reader,

No one can tell the whole story at any one time- I can only say, look quietly, consciously at yourself, see what it is in yourself that is in fact lovely, that you can love, and by loving you will perhaps begin to see what is lovely, miraculous, in others - if this vision takes you so far you will then sense, I think, a thing you have in common with all others who share life. Loneliness, feeling separated, makes it difficult to feel love towards others. But to give outwardly creates a sense of well-being. It's sometimes almost invisible, and sometimes a part of you wants you not to see it. If you can't see it, write Dr. Bish again and he will have you

join him down here in the warm Mexican sunshine... sometimes an external change helps boost one's spirits, thus one's sense of loving self. Physical activity, as in labor or in athletics, is a proven instant formula for a sense of wellbeing (which makes that link with lost self-love).

There's much more to it, you know, but how can we say it all here?

Break the question into detail, if you will; send us your next question as you pursue the problem. Also, other readers' comments invited.

Dear Dr. Bish,

(Excerpted due to length).
Just a little note. We Bardonians are in such a rush, so little time to sit down and relax.

... can I call you Billy? *
... sometimes I think you are
my only confidante.

theatre here at Bard, but why, Billy, do they schedule plays back to back, so that one has to sit for hours watching so much action! . . . I think it is a most unhealthy way to stage productions. Why not separately on different evenings so the audience can feel more comfortable and not feel they're watching a double-feature movie. If only we could go slower here!

-- Frazzled Freddy Freshman

*(Billy Bish is a younger brother who now resides in Sweetwater, Texas.)

Dear Fred,

I'd like to call you Fred, you remind me of a friend of Billy's who has a small ranch in Northern California. Remind me to tell you about him when there's more space for it. (In another age).

Dr. Bish agrees; too many events spoil the pudding, or somesuch saying. Part of contemporary hysteria, in this observer's opinion comes from too much information. 'City culture 'simply appeals from too many simultaneous directions; here, we more of less thoughtlessly adopt and perpetuate frenzied modern habits of scheduling, etc. A single play given in any small town would be the annual event, relished far in advance and attended by everyone in the area. Real theatre does contain us all, in every sense, as in the Artauian sense wherein all participate by burning together in its consuming flames. Like love-making, it only works when you give yourself entirely; one cannot have in mind, "What's next, and then what . . . oh yes, we'll get through this and on to "This was, apparently, the dutiful Puritan way of not only exploring the act of loving and/or fucking, but the untamed American frontier as well. i.e.-getting on with it.

However, there are more mudane reasons at school for this kind of programming. Perhaps we'll hear from others who have more acquaintance with the details.

TODAY'S BISHERY:

Be generous with your parents. If they haven't been helpful to you, or seem in fact to be failures, apply instant forgiveness; reverse the roles, you look after them. It will give you a startling, new sense of being.

NE XT WEEK:

Who knows? Thank you for your letters.
-Dr. Bish

Amen

It was with the SCHICKSAL-SLIED of Johannes Brahms that the Bard College Community Choir opened its December 8th concert. Based upon "Song of Destiny," an uncomplicated Holderlin text that describes the lofty position of blessed spirits who are "free of fate" where man is not, the music is fresh and the harmonies are uncomplex but clearly emotional as are the melodic ideas. Brahms becomes more urgent when he scores the passage, "But to us it is given no spot to rest," yet he is at home with the cosmic order of Holderlin: in fact, he nearly celebrates it. SCHICKSALSLIED ends with a long, considerate, orchestral "Amen."

It is a good choice for the choir and the orchestra which did it justice. Clear diction, even phrasing marked the performance of SCHICKSALSLIED. Orchestra and choir interacted effectively enough to overcome the unflattering acoustics of the Chapel, and we appreciated subtleties of text, of musical idea and of performance.

formance.

Bruckner's TE DEUM, the second part of the concert, was a more ambitious work than the Brahms. It is a nearly operatic oratorio in that each idea of the credo of the text is isolated and underlined by a distinct musical idea. Effectively, then, the choir performed five short yet demanding pieces in presenting this TE DEUM, and we confess that it was hard to perceive the fabric or the

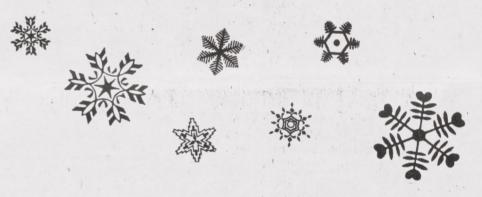
structure of Bruckner's ideas. Too often, the Chapel acoustics were *not* overcome, and the text slipped into oblivion while the music itself lay under a kind of sustained *sforzando* ring.

The most pleasing segment of the TE DEUM was the fourth which begins "Salvum fac populum tuum." It is a kind of litany first between solo tenor and soprano section, then between solo bass and alto section. Each soloist, each collective voice of the choir was heard clearly separately, then clearly in consort. It was a compelling movement, compellingly performed; here, we saw the choir at its best and its most honest; we saw ambitious work at its culmination.

And so the TE DEUM closes with a quartet that refers back to the tone of the beginning of the oratorio: proud, robust, self-assured, a strange tone for the modern ear when the modern eye has read the text: "O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded."

The choir looks smaller than it did last year; they sounded better, too, as if their own sense of ensemble were developing well. Their concert was a pleasing event not just in terms of music; with so many people in performance, so very many in audience, it was an event important to our ever-changing sense of Bard community.

Peter Kosewski



Bicentennial Which?

written and directed by William Driver, created by a seeming cast of thousands in an attic at Preston in 1876. The mining commences:

Boston: where Cabots talk only to Lodges and Lodges talk only to God. A white folks choir gives a concert at the New Symphony Hall. Swing Low, Sweet Chariot. One black man is present, silent, pre-empted from his own music.

The Bowery: The Bowery, we'll never go there any more. applause, applause but there's another werse! applause, applause

MAINTAIN OUR INNOCENCE (no wrap-around eyes!)

(no wrap-around eyes!) you may think she's happy and free from care but her beauty was sold for ---

And respectability!
D.A.R., W.C.T.J. etc. etc
Lydia Pinkham for feminine
complaints: 15% sasparilla
21% TEMPERANCE
but what the maiden lost that
night can never again be ---Peach blossoms of innocence??
Irish Russian Jewish English?
An Anglo-Saxon is a German who
has forgotten his parents

But since the war, the words have changed: the worst is yet to come, the worst is yet

to come ---FIRE!
I'll make a man of ANY one of you

Oh, the disadvantages of a mythology! The collage of music, history and theater that is BICENTENNIAL CHIC borders on the brilliant, and we use the verb advisedly, for this is a work in progress, a performance with scripts that, although obscure in several spots, is extremely effective, even devastating. And although we were not always sure of the juxtapositions between song and speech, we at least suspected their intent.

A few performers deserved to be singled out of the ensemble: Catherine Askue, for stunning vocal work and supple acting, Trevor Vassey, a newcomer, for broad, yet effective caricature, and Bud Ruhe for providing a unifying force to a free-wheeling evening.

We were warned by several drama majors that BICENTENNIAL CHIC would be more fun for the actors than for the audience: not true. We were fascinated and impressed with BICENTENNIAL CHIC as not just a valid exercise in broad theatricality, but as a *lehrstucke*, a document of all the things we are, were and came from. Playing through Sunday, 19 December.

Peter Kosewski

2-14

Dear Fred,

Don't know film you quoted accmp. my own work there - length, maker, etc.

Really wish to set up one or two good shows, with serious comment - like establ. fact it is in middle of work - all as its being disco vered, with extensive commentary/notation prior to show re. all the stuff of XX - the makings of. Maybe compromise with your show in that I will perhaps be in NYC next wk. at PAdams Sitney's, if you have a student frien d who would like to come down and record what I might have to say, expec.

re. what I might have to send you (for show). PS: Billy still without a hab ... trying NYC. Getting near date. If not, can send work print, which would on one hand be a dissapptmnet. and inferior to complete film, on other hand would fit extensive silent, uncut footage I am planning to send. I hope it will be done, will do my best. Labs not very hospitable lately.

Pane

*

425 toy Lafayette St

(212) 787 05 18

RT. 2, BOX 190-B FORT BRAGG CALIFORNIA 95437

2-19

Dear Fred,

Keeping you informed re. BILLY: We sent him down to a Palo Alto lab, near here, after not hearing from Hlwd. lab again: sounds like they can do it - how good they are remains to be seen - will call them from Berk. Thurs. or Fri. Film sent Mon./ needs optical pos. repro., A&B, before then printing contact compos. release. If all steps taken carefully it will be good I am sure. If not, it won't be. Expensive: therefore, since grant just ended and since, concurrently, I believe I am COMING OUT - to cont. my Feetfear in another part - I will have to give a few shows to earn \$. If you are in a position to bring me to MIT with the 5-17 show I believe I can come. Its possition to bring me to MIT with the 5-17 show I believe I can come. Its possition to short a notice - on the other hand you might be able to work waxx someting with Stadish Lawder 3 Yale and/or others XXXXXXXXX Boston area. If so, let me know. So much outright revolution Calif. can't get thows anymore.

Putting reel together for you this wk. Tulley wants to look in on A DAY ASHORE, since that is another communal effort. Will let you now re. BILLY.

- 32

The M.I.T. Film Society BOX 566-3 AMES ST.-CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS 02139 868-4674

March 24, 1969.

Dear Bruce.

I hope you've recieved the long reel by now. As I indicated in my 3/19 telegram we recived your four rolls on that day, too late for 3/17 khow, and would like to keep them for a show on April.14th. Scinee I haven't heard from you I assume this is OK: please write to confirm that we can keep them till 4/14. (If not please call or wire collect immediately; area 617, 868-4674, eves. best) Enclosed is a check for \$75.00, \$25.00 more from 6 4/14 show will be sent them unless you ask for it earlier. Please sign and return enclosed post card as receipt.

Audience size was about 140. I'd say their response was quite good; however we've gotten to a point where most of the people who come to a show of this type will have seen your films and Brakhage's films before and first probably love them; at least respect them; but anyway they did seem quite attentive during your films (which we showed first); no noises etc, and much discussion in break. I really loved them, as did most of the other "film society poeple", and especially FEETFEAR, which we await with great anticipation...I was really moved, the colors and shapes seemed to have a presence as in none of your earlier films...we appreciate your sending them to us at he this time.

We have some open time on a progarm on May 26th and if QUICK BILLY will be ready by then we would like very much to show it. We could also show QUICK BILLY on Monday, May 12th, if its ready by that time. Please let me know what you expect.

Finally, I'm returniing your letters as you requested, having made photocopies for myself, and also a copy of the notes distributed at this show.

Sincerely yours,

Fred Camper

Could: RT. 2, BOX 190-B FORT BRAGG M.1. T. CALIFORNIA 95437 show March 17 Please send 4 rolls on Fred Camper MIT Film Soc Box 566 with this 3 A mes St. note: Combridge, pros 02:39 Fred, other stuff on way to you, separately 40 / I d'couldit mala a tage toe much talk out of place.
"The rolls", #\$\frac{4}{3}, 46 \ \frac{47}{7} \text{ are.} a recent part of the recording of , "Fether". Show then one at a tree in order. In sorry Q.B. couldn't be pruted; it seems to wait on a letter time. I onke have continues at an odd, of over-varying tempor

(Also for audience) Trisoley even Dear Fixed & friends pur a little own a haif hour. It Day Ashore '(Feature in fall, 1966. Continued & shooting in pression same trune as Valentin I several (the (Mexican) film, yet wast. We have miles of tage + fular of the film, wel a sequence with a such 5. F. society lady spenting French on her ledwon Thore I later braving too with Tulley, the hero in definite framing concept for the varieties film.) De morning Star is (Will be maybe 10 mm. Just I find to worked in 1966 - when I still file of community dated Construct Street, all my fix Still fife, of Show Bender. Perhaps often This footage will probably be combined optically bromechat the same way I

plan to expression of ant I of feethern is, reshorting of mating parts of the server defend parts of the server together one frame.) 3) "Feetfear" - (this film I began to record, gradually, in late fall, 1967,
while beginning my recovery from trepatitions
from F. F. I have just shot roll
HT 50 [+ scratched it on a book projectors], which conclude the short of Part I this 15t part Mill probably be based in form on the Tabetan Book of the seath Bossilly follower by the otherwise price Little photoglony I, Quick Billy, followed by "the Rells", as you see them In posset projected separately. munshered of fre to far 100000 (CON 1000) Part I excepted perforate image (not set combined). It represents some of the "peaceful dreties", post the uniture of most illumined stage of the log x2 [Reprosenting the Chikhai & Chinyid Burdo - as to the appearance of > N /

St' cont. > the 1st "wrothful duty", in the form of a grigsly. ? as shot & will follow Part I after the large reel ton't know whether the oddly perifficial view peculiar to these rolls will For come off in a large andwered, and st other projections. I that they are musted with more of the megic to fine sen in film then immediate give has been in aftertul letter Stan Brakkage of myself.

Leen in aftertul letter Stan Brakkage of myself. spend prejorations you will all be able to share these productions of more without while they are yet together gastly in the sense of a "newstell Let me bear from some of you.) , Ballie End (5) Colth at Comma is pustwated to forward the Rolls (#\$41,43,46x4 \$7, to you after showing them at the S.F. museum of Art this Julning

general P.S. . dring up an archival presentation, I would have lited to include Brakkages long letters in response to the rolls - - discussions about going "legand art", etc. as it is with any of one of affects of we say this is not exclusive in the owner of found in the same of found at explained in the original to another the original to the o texts + mon good good good IT * hoggini everywhere * [as in doing st]

CAS S

Jon might return this letter puth films trahives?

THE MIT FILM SOCIETY PRESENTS MARCH 17, 1969 FILMS BY BRUCE BAILLIE AND STAN BRAKHAGE. Sections from three works in progress, DAY ASHORE, MORNING STAP, and FEETFEAR by Bruce Baillie. "Dear Fred and friends (also for audience), I've just completed the reel for you. It runs a little over a half hour. (1) DAY ASHORE (Feature- sync sound. Begun shooting in fall, 1956. Continued shooting in Mexico same time as VALENTIN and several other (Mexican) films, yet uncut. We have miles of tape and film of this films, including a sequence with a rich S.F. society lady speaking French on her bedroom phone, later having tea with Tulley, the hero in this film. Very definite framing concept for the narrative film.) (2) MORNING STAR (Will be maybe 10 min. combined B&W and color film of community where I lived and worked in 1955 -- where I edited CASTRO STREET, ALL MY LIFE, STILL LIFE and SHOW LEADER, Perhaps others. This footage will probably be combined optically in somewhat the same way I plan to approach Part I of FEETFEAR -- i.e., reshooting and matting parts of the several different pictures together in one (3) FEETFEAR -- (This film I began to record gradually. in late fall 1967, while beginning my recovery from hepatitis -- you have some of my notes from F.F. I have just shot roll #50 (and scratched it on a bad projector), which completes the recording of Part I. This 1st part will probably be based in form on THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD. Possibly followed by... "The Rolls" as you see them -- possibly numbered and projected separately. The section you have here is from Roll I Part I (Representing the Chikhai and Chonyid Bardo -- up to the appearance of the 1st "wrathful deity", in the form of grizzly), excerpted, separate images (not yet combined). It represents some of the "peaceful deities", the initial and most illumined stage of the long experience, which can be called, Death. ("The sitting face-to-face with reality" "The stages of Uncertainty" -- Tibetan Book of the Dead)" -Bruce B illie ROLLS #41,43,46,47 by Bruce Beillie. "I couldn't make a tape -- too much talk out of place. "The Rolls" #41/43, 46, 47 are a recent part of the recording of FEETFEAR. Show them one at a time, in order. I'm sorry QUICK BILLY couldn't be printed: it seems to wait on a better time. Work here continues - - - at an odd, and ever-varying frempo, as you might see from these short rolls I've sent you... "The Rolls" are more or less complete in themselves as shot and will follow Part I. I don't know whether the oddly peripheral view peculiar to these rolls will come off in a large audience amidst other projections. They are invested with more of the magic of life (and beath) than any other thing I've seen on film. Their immediate use has been in a private theatre between Stan Br khage and myself. I am hoping that without any special preparations you will all be able to show these expeditions of mine while they are yet underway. I have cut this long reel together partly in the sense of "newsreel." Let me hear from some of you. Sincerely, Bruce Beillie. General P.S.: If you were really doing up an archival presentation, I would have liked to include Brakhage's long letters in response to the rolls - - discussions about going "beyond art", etc. As it is with any one of us, what we say and do affects all of us: this "trip" (FEETFEAR) I am into is not exclusive -- since I found it explained in the ancient Tentric texts and now recognizing IT (as in doing

It) happening everywhere."

Without attempting to get analytical about films which are still in progress and which I have seen only once, I think I can make a few comments on the footage shown here foom DAY ASHORE, MORNING STAR and FEETFEAR. MORNING STAR is perhaps the hardest, especially as Baillie indicates that fairly complex printing procedures, resulting in double and triple dividions of the frame, will probably be used...but the color footage, as it appears here, has osme of the combination of lyricism with exactness; some of the same feeling for colors almost s forces, as VALENTIN DE LAS SIERRAS. DAY ASHORE in one sense reminds me of PORT CHICAGO: the blakk-and white images have a kind of weighthess, free-floating quality. But itsseems even less concerned with surfaces than PORT CHICAGO. A large number of Baillie's films, from A HURRAH FOR SOLDFERS to CASTRO STREET and ALL MY LIFE, seemed to deal with a beauty that was fragile, almost elusive, partly because it was a beauty of surfaces. But there were always other elements in his work, and these other elements have come into greater prominence in the new films. I h ve a feeling that DAY ASHORE is as much a film of forces as of surfaces. In the foot ge from FEETFEAR, which seems as if it could become Beillie's greatest film, these issues are quite explicit. There are sections that are as much as any other Boillie pure light: "The Sun and the Moon" objects dissoving into light, light dissolving into light. Fut there is a darkness, a degree of contrast in the images rather than just over-all texture, and most important a feeling of rhythm, which seems even to come from each static image itself rather than from cuts: all of these things would indicate that B illie has penetrated his surfaces. And this too is explicit in FEETFEAR: the areas of darkness in the frames are not treated as being the same as the colors but rather one feels as if the colors have emerged from the darkness, and are continually doing so; as if Baillie has begun from (or returned to) nothing, only to re-emerge with stranger and more beautiful shapes. The footage from FEETFEAR looks a little like Baillie has picked up TUNG and CASTRO STREET and taken them to places where he has not been before, making their surfaces more beautiful and filling their darknesses with implied meanings.

-Fred Camper

- 3 -

SONGS 11 through 14 by Stan Brakhage (1965, color, silent).

SONG 11. "A black velved film of fires, windows, insect life, and a lyre of rain snatches."

SONG 12. "Verticles and shadows -- reflections caught in glass traps."

SONG 13. "A travel song of scenes and horizontals."

SONG 14. "A 'closed-eye' vision song composed of molds, paints and crystals." (Sten Brakhage).

SONGS 11 through 14 occupy a very important place in Brakhage's SONG sequence and in his work as a whole. After THE ART OF VISION he began the SONGS, and the first ten were perfect, self-enclosed little lyrics, almost always tied to a "real" subject: such as child-birth, or San Francisco, or little girls playing ball. SONG 11 is the first SONG in which the primary effects and significance of the specific objects was a mythic one, and in which the overt subject was that of perception itself. The little lights, the fires of SONG 11 are all the more terrifying because of the void they exist in, and because of the appearent unwillingness (inability) of the camera to give any closer view of them. They stay quietly in the same place; they are almost immutable. They do not represent any specific thing, like "light" or "seeing," but in the world of the film, they (the lights) become everything. When the green lines appear, thelights do not go away; what happens is that the green lines assume some of the power of the lights. This "power" of force is distributed evenly throughout the frames of SONG 12. the flat pale gravs of reflections seem to form themselves into shapes. But in both cases it is important to note that there is not a one-to-one relationship from film and object-which has power to viewer who then feels that power. There is another stage, which causes one to feel that the frames are not just visual feelings and expressions but actual elements of perception. That is, the things that we see on the screen and which we would normally represent toourselves as occurences confined to that screen, these shapes actually leave the screen and become the substance of our perception itself. This is not something that happens with most filmmakers: usually, there is beauty there, in the forms, and one sees it as something on the screen. The experience of watching a Brakhage film is not something that really occurs on the screen. I have never been able to convince myself that the lights in SONG 11 are nywhere but inside my head, somewhere behind my eye, in the general vicinity of the optic nerves. So the appearance of the green lines is not something that happens to or on the film so much as an element of perception.

SONG 13 is an equally good example of this, and establishly interesting because the fragmentation that occurs is due to the everyday eccurace of a passin train. Brakhage filmed it close to the cars of a train, and the flashes of leadwarpe, very fast and violent, are caused by the trief spaces between the cars white my by. The landscape of trees and a train passing through is transformed this the care position into a landscape of inscrutable suchaces (the spaces of the frains care) and uncontrollable flashes of trees and sky. There is an added elements to the film: the images are taken through a car window, and one can not only observe the texture of the glass but one can see the shadow of Brakhaga's camera, reflected in the window like a ghost. This reflection reminds me of the lights in SONG 11 it seems a similar visual event.

SONG 14 is a good lead-in to THE HORSEMAN, THE WOMAN AND THE MOTH if only because the subjects of the film are very similar. SONG 14 begins with painting on film, and towards the end objects try to emerge from behind the paint, after which the film goes white and ends with pale, indistingusihable trees. It is a brief little

. 4 -

struggle, perhaps between the objects and the paint. However Brakhage refers to it as "closed-eye"vision," an expression he often uses to describe his painting film, likening it to the patterns that we often see when our eyelids are closed. This is a term that is certainly applicable to THE ART OF VISION, and probably to SONG 14, but I don't feel really applies to THE HORSEMAN, THE WOMAN, AND THE MOTH.

-Fred Camper

THE HORSEMAN, THE WOMAN, AND THE MOTH by Stan Brakhage (1969, color, silent, 20 min.)

THE HORSEMAN, THE WOMAN AND THE MOTH is a very complex film and one of Brakhage's very best and I cannot really do it justice in a few lines after a few viewings, any more than a single viewing on the part of anyone will really suffice for it. It is by far Brakhage's longest "film-painting" work; though there are photgraphed images, the film is primarily of painted ones. As I cannot attempt full discussion, here I will just suggest a few things that may arise in connection with viewing it.

Perhaps the most obvious thing about it, at least the thing that occurred first to me, is that there seems to be a terrific conflict between the painted images and the photographed ones: the latter apparently struggling to emerge whole from behind the former, but never really succeeding. But while this kind of conflict probably does exist in the film(one might call it the film's overt subject) I think that to discuss the film in these terms would be an error, for there is another more important struggle in the film. From the very first images, even before the superimpositions, one feels this struggle. HORSEMAN...is a very violent film there can be no question of this. But rather than being between two specific things this struggle is between each of the parts of the frame, each speck of paint, which seems in conflict with every other part. This tension is largely created through the cutting, which is constantly shifting the colors and the location of the paints, forcing each new pattern to change into still another one, with rhythms that are as electric as they are emotional. It seems to men that it is this tension, the conflict itself, that is closer to the film's subject than any specific occurence. However the person-paint conflict is important as specific example of this general conflict. The reason, I think, why the man is not really successful in emerging is that he is placed in a context in which he is powerless. He is surrounded by paint, he is in a flat frame, the paint goes right up to the lines of his body; further, the general shape and rhythm of the film has a kind of force which is strong enough to control all its specifics. In fact, uou never really perceive the man as a living, biological entity (any more than the immobilized moth); he is an inextricable part of the painted rhythms.

However he is quite clearly distinguishable from those painted whythms. Each frame of the film has many little parts, many specks of paint. And while they all fit together into a whole that whole is not a fusion of each part of the frame into one. Rather, each part of the frame, each spack of paint is an almost-independent event. The pieces of paint are allittle like the different lights in SONG II in this respect. Each one is an element of perception. Our entire process of seeing is changed by the film into the process of theoryting parterns of paint when the man starts appearing, he is really a new visual event. But he is forced by the patterns around him into the rhythms of the old visual events. Partly, we perceive him s separate; but in the process of perceiving this, of second what he is, we come to recognize that he is not separate. He in fact emerged out of the paint.

Just as the moth, when it oppears, is like o more detailed, more developed, and more powerful piece of paint: so the man and woman also fit into this pattern. But this should not be taken as implying that Brakhage is solely concerned with reduced the people to paint. One could just as well say that he is representing specks of paint as people on at least, parts of the perceived world. Brakhage is able to force the objects off the screen and into our perception. So as the images, p inted or photographed, of HORSEMAN...become our perception, so they become the whole world, and so the pieces are parts of the world.

-Fred Camper

5-21 Dear Fred, v ry sorry "Rolls" late; asked Edith at Co-op to send on time, gave date, etc. - your showing more import. to me (and the Rolls) than SF Mus. of Art - but guess she didn't read carefully: Cities/haste/too much random and at same time diverse activity. Or my prejudice. Anyway, Reep them for your next date, tho I planned to incl. them in my first show XXX OUT, Las Vegas U., April 16. But I can take the longer reel as well as perhaps a summary of uncut material out of the next portions of FEETFEAR, which would be about 30 min. of Sect.'s. II and III: the fearful images ("Wrathful dieties"), and the sexual/hero-remembrances stuff. I think I will begin the next phase of this I film in EK 7255 instead of Kodachrome. This would be on a separate large reel anyway. It may begin with the film drama, ITALIAN ROMANCE, which we began the last two days. finally. Shooting, "La Morti del Chinese" (don't know Italian in which the Empress of Cathay seems to be dying in her chamber at the Court of Italy, but instead XXXXXXXXXX rallies and the scene becomes _ another (romance) between she and her handmaiden ... who then becomes a dragon, momentarily, etc. 2 rolls EK shot - 2000 W. light, 3200 K., 85 filater on window, full makeup, filtered lights and/or camera diff. colors changing parts of frame during scenes . . also hazy edges to frame, like in Broken Blowsoms. Do you have my notes from CC with the rolls, also some I sent you (alone? Here's out of Brakhage's 3rd letter, in response to last 2 , rolls: "I take it, in the film, at least, you really mean this by-play of ... how shall I say it? --: the over-whelmingly REAL making place of exactitude Sfor the clearly ARTIFICIAL: yes! . . . that must be it / IT all has to do with that statement of yrs. on the Kalamazoo tape: 'I want to go beyond art': fine, Bruce -- THAT'S the whole evolution of art . . .: and it takes one heaven&hellofalot OF?(sshhhhhOV) ART -- in CAPS, yes -- to DO it! And you're doing it/ART(and 'beyond art', if you like to put it prayerfully that way) all at once: I never saw a tighter knit bag of aesthtical tricks transcending their history: you got Baroque & its Coco balanced near perfectly; and you got the whole Netherlandishes and cups, including the entire Dutch kitchen, carrying yr. absolutely specific yearning into some new realm of feeling (that, I suppose, 'll someday be called American); and you got the clear sense, throughout, of pains-taking-care: : the surest prayer an artist is enabled XX to make . . . and a blessing to 11 those enabled to see it -- thankyou." If you want to print this, it would be nexess. to ask Stan. But it might be useful to read it with other stuff I'e send re. this work. Leave it (to comprise up to you. If the Soc. can afford rental on the other reel it can come here, not C.C., since this is the only time its been shown of mot await of company, she Thats about all. Let me know anything that comes to mind re. the shows, if you have time, and if theres anthing to say. best,

PPS In condidering thicking next fall looking for is some there there would be trus (TARTER 2 BC The state of the s dente optiet printe, nearly the college, at their let plants " things

#* 3-28 Fred, thanks very much for your fine job of show preparations/notes, etc. and sending them to me. Yours is one of the very few places I have as correspondent. "Billy" info. not known yet; maybe wil know next wk. - leaving here, maybe chance to make lab prep's. - will let you know. XXXXXX Y ur rental payments are high. Much apprec., since I am again without income. If letter not received: I said to go shead and use Rolls in April, return to: 263 Colgate Ave., Berkeley. Ho e you can use Brakkage notes on rolls.

22

Dear Fred,

seems like youve sent me back most of my letters. If anything paritic. "good", would appred photocopies at your convenience. Espec. would like to see program from show with Rolls: I am currently interested in my own connections with Stan Brakhage. XXX Thank you again for your continuing good work in presenting this kind of extra material to your audiences. e.g., getting Stan's permission to print his comments to me, etc. Q.B. most likely now destined to be end part Part I, Feetfear.

Am on road again, looking for optical printer facilities to beg. workin on FF - the most primary non-aim is to pursue my adventure. It may take me to Japan early June for indef. time - will keep you informed if anything of partic. excitment. Prob. no more work from the XXXX for awhile, I'm still looking.

best,

) >---

THE M.I.T. FILM SOCIETY April 14, 1969. EXPERIMENTAL FILMS ROLLS #41, 43, 46 and 47 by Bruce Baillie (1968-1969, Color, Silent (works-in-progress), $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 mins each) "I couldn't make a tape -- too much talk out of place. "The Rolls" #41/43, 46, 47 are a recent part of the recording of FEETFEAR. Show them one at a time, in order. X...Work here continues - - - at an odd, and ever-varying tempo, as you might see from these short rolls I've sent you... "The Rolls" are more or less complete in themselves as shot and will follow Part I. I don't know whether the oddly peripheral view peculiar to these rolls will come off in a large audience amidst other projections. They are invested with more of the magic of life (and death) than any other thing I've seen on film. Their immediate use has been in a private theatre between Stan Brakhage and myself. "I am hoping that without any special preparations you will all be able to show these expeditions of mine while they are yet underway ... "Let me hear from some of you. Sincerely, Bruce Baillie " Sthe following written by Baillie in connection with the excerpt from the Brakhage letter printed below): "...Brakhghge's long letters in response to the rolls - - discussions about going "beyond art", etc. As it is with any one of us, what we say and do affects all of us: this "trip" (FEETFEAR) I am into is not exclusive -- scince I found it explained in the ancient Tantric texts and now recognizing IT (as in doing It) happening everywhere." Excerpt from Brakhage's third letter, in response to last 2 rolls: "I take it, in the film, at least, you really mean this by-play wo of ... how shall I say it? --: the over-whelmingly REAL making place of exactitude for the clearly ARTIFICIAL: yes! . . . that must be it! IT all has to do with that statement of yrs. on the Kalamazoo tape: 'I want to go beyond art': fine, Bruce -- THAT'S the whole evolution of art . . . : and it takes one heaven&hellofalot OF?(sshhhhhOV) ART -in CAPS, yes -- to DO it! "And you're doing it/ART(and 'beyond art', if you like to put it prayerfully that way) all at once: I never saw a tighter knit bag of aesthetical tricks transcending their history: you got Baroque & its Coco balanced near perfectly; and you got the Whole Netherlandishes and cups, including the entire Dutch ktichen, carrying yr. absolutely specific yearning into some new realm of feeling (That, I suppose, 'll someday be called American); and you got the clear sense, throughout, of pains-taking-care: the surest prayer an artist is enabled to make . . . and a blessing to all those enabled to see it -- thankyou." SUPER SPREAD by Robert Nelson (1967, Color, Sound, 13 mins) "Original sound-track made especially for this film by THE GRATEFUL DEAD. Last year Robert Nelson produced a light show in San Francisco that used 11 projectors, 50 amps of sound, and a live rock'n roll band. This film is an effort to contain that show and all of its visual bombardment on one piece of film." -F.M. Co-Op Catalegue No. 4 THE HOUSE OF THE WHITE PEOPLE byGeorge Kuchar (1969, Color, Sound, 16 mins)

(2) WAVELENGTH by Michael Snow (1968, Color, Sound, 45 mins) "WAVELENGTH was shot in one week Dec. 166 predeeded by a year of notes, thots, mitterings. It was edited and first print seen in May '67. I wanted to make a summation of my nervous system, religious inklings, and aesthetic ideas. I was thinking of planning for a time monument in which the beauty and sadness of equivalence would be celebrated, thinking of trying to make a definitive statement of pure Film space : and time, a balancing of "illusion" and "fact", all about seeing. The space starts at the camera's (spectator's) eye, is in the air, then is on the screen, then is within the screen (the mind). "The film is a continuous zoom which takes 45 minutes to go from its widest field to its smallest and final field. It was shot with a fixed camera from one and of an 80 foot loft, shooting the other end, a row of windows and the street. This, the setting, and the action which takes place there are cosmically equivalent. The room (and the zoom) are interrupted by 4 human events including a death. The sound on these occasions is sync sound, music and speech, occurring simultaneously with an electronic sound, a sine wave, which goes from its lowest (50 cycles per second) note to its highest (1200 c.p.s.) in 40 minutes. It is a total glissando while the film is a crescendo and a dispersed spectrum which attempts to utilize the gifts of both prophecy and memory which only film and music have to xxx offer." (Michael Snow) Excerpts from an interview with Michage Snow by P. Adams Sitney printed in FILM CULTURE No. 46. SNOW:...I was thinking over WAVELENGTH for a long long time. It was really quite important to me. SITNEY: Which part of the concept of WAVELENGTH came first? SNOW: The zoom. I was searching for the place for a long time and I didn't know where it started or where it went. It was just the idea of a long zoom. There really was an awful lot of thinking about it - that was strange to say because it doesn't really mean anything. It just so happens that I made an awful lot of notes and thought about it for about a year. I meant it as a summation of everything that I've thought about, everything. SITNEY: How did it come about that the zoom was interrupted? Had you ever thought of making one technically slick zoom? SNOW: It is attempting to balance out in a way all the so-called realities there involved in the issue of making a film. I thought that maybe the issues hadn't really been stated clearly about film in the same sort of way - now this is presumptucos, but to say - in the way Cezanne, say, made a balance between the colored goo that he used, which is what you see if you mook at it that way, and the forms that you see in their illusory space. That whole issue in film had been touched on by lots of people, that it's light, and it's on a flat surface, and it's also images. A kind of space that seems natural to it is maybe conical, but flattened. I can't explain how that seems proper. But it's something to do with that and that (Snow indicates first the flat of a screen with the palm of his hand and then the conical projection beam with both hands): the beam and the flat surface. " I was trying to do something very pure and about the kinds of realities that are involved. The film opens with the kind of thing in which you have a certain belief or you give up that you see a room, you see people walk in, and you believe in that. The room is shot as realism. It is shot the way you would see a room as much as there is a concensus about how one sees a room. It also has realistic representational sound: the noise from outside. But then there are intimations of other ways of seeing the gx thing, until the first real break is when the image is totally nggative. It is all red and that pure sound, that drone at about fifty cycles per second, starts as opposed to the other representational sounds. That is something ir which you do not have the same kind of belief. It is the other side of that, and yet it's colored lighty. It is all very obvious. I was concerned with making a balancing of all these things.

SNOW: Oh my God no: The wall was set up that way; that's where the zoom was going. I took the photograph myself for the film, but I also made a piece of sculpture using

photographs of waves.

All those orders of events were classified to me at that time as kinds of events and the kind of effect that they can have. There is the implication of a story in the sense of human affairs. You can make connections between, say, the two girls listening to the radio and the delivery of the bookcase, maybe it's like a coffee break or something, but that is not a story.

There is only one place with a connection to a prior event: her making the phone call refers back in time and space too, because the zoom has gone past that point, to where the body is. The photograph of the waves is an implication of a kind of total continuity for everything not just that single incident.

SITNEY: Did you reherse the telephone call? Did you tell her what to say? SNOW: No, that's just one shot, I did tell her what to say and I had to red o the sound. It took me a week to shoot the film. Then it took a little while to put it together, figure out the sound and everything. I had to start shooting in the middle too, which made it a little difficult. Hollis Frampton is the guy who dies, and he could only do it on such and such a day so I had to start the zoom in the middle andxw make sure that it got back to where it was supposed to be.

Ken Jacobs lent me the camera and the Angeniuex lens and naturally he did not want me to leave it in my studio. I had to take it aprat every time after I finished shooting. I fixed the tripod but I still had to take the camera off. I shot some night and some days. I'm delighted the whole thing came out the way I wanted it, in-

cluding the different kinds of stock.





American Frontier Theatre
120 Julian
San Francisco
July 12, 1963
8:30 P.M.
J

Coast Gallery Mendocino July 27

EIGHT FILMS

Bruce Ball

- I THE GYMNASTS ... Spring, '62

 EVERYMAN The way newsreels

 could sometimes be made.

 Song by John Adams ... '62

 THE NEWS #3 An example of

 quick, inexpensive film production, from local material.

 Made for Cenyon Cineme ... '62

 MR. HAYASHI ... Winter, '62
- THE BROOKFIELD RECREATION

 CENTER ... Spring, '63

 Two exceptional children's schools. One for mentally disturbed, the other presenting the arts in an unusually free and good way.

III HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF TALKING TO THE DIRECTOR? .. Summer, '62 Taken in Mendocino. At once a portrait of a friend, and the general theme of "the institution".

A HURRAH FOR SOLDIERS ... '63 My winter film - from violence. My summer film will have grown out of A Hurrah for Soldiers: TO PARSIFAL.

- * There will be a pause between the three parts of the program.
- * For information on new work in American cinema: Audio Film Center, 406 Clement, S.F. Canyon Cinema, 1308 Bonita, Berkeley. Film-maker's Cooperative 414 Park Ave. South, N.Y. 16.

Prize Winning **Filmmakers**

A total of \$70,500 has been awarded to nine independent filmmakers by the American Film Institute, AFI director George Stevens, Jr. announces. Two are local men, three others are from California.

Lawrence Booth of Half Moon Bay was presented \$10,000 for an untitled documentary depicting a farmer's struggle against engulfing suburbs, and Bruce Baillie of Berkeley \$8000 for "Feetfear," a 40-minute abstract color film.

John Evans of Los Angeles \$15,000 for a partial funding of "Speeding Up Time" a feature film set in contemporary America, Robert Grant, a UCLA student from Venice, California, \$2500 for a documentary about a Los Angeles ghetto family, and Bruce Lane, also of UCLA, from Pacific Palisades, \$4000 for

"The Journal of Albion York, who was awarded

Robert L. Frank, of New Hayward.

Moonlight," a film based on \$4000 for his "Music Film" is the book by Kenneth Patch- currently participating in the Liferaft Earth starve-in in



Television Station WMSB Michigan State University East Lansing, Michigan Non Profit Org. U.S. Postage Paid East Lansing, Mich Permit No. 21



PROGRAM PREVIEWS FOR WEEK OF FEB. 29 - MARCH 6, 1964

Focus: ON PROGRAM PREVIEWS

Recently we have received a couple of letters from viewers advising us that they are receiving more than one copy of PROGRAM PREVIEWS each week. We try to guard against this, but sometimes it happens that a duplicate plate gets into our files. If you are receiving more than one copy, please write and let us know about it so that we can send your extra copy to someone else. If you care to include the name and address of some you think would enjoy the publication, please do so.

We invite our viewers to write or call us with their comments, criticisms, and recommendations on the programs that we offer for their viewing pleasure.

Our address is:
WMSB (TV)
600 Kalamazoo,
East Lansing, Michigan

Our telephone number is: 355-7440



FILM EXPERIMENTAL

The excitement of new techniques in filmmaking are examined in WMSB's new four program series "Film Experimental."

Four talented filmmakers join host Arthur Weld, associate professor of television and radio at Michigan State University, in presenting samples of their work and then discussing the reasons and symbolic meanings of their films.

"Film Experimental" premieres on Sunday, March 1 at 2 p.m. with the works of Allan Downs, Mr. Downs, professor of art and acting head of the Art Department at the University of Minnesota, will present two documentary films that he has produced. The first film, "The Tree is Dead," was filmed at the Red Lake Indian Reservation in Minnesota and traces the disheartening existence of the American Indian on the Reservations that have been set aside for him. The second of Mr. Downs' films is "The Flight of the Teal." This revealing film traces the migratory bird from northern Canada to the Yucatan Peninsula of Mexico. The film is symbolic of the artist and the subject alike.

Madeleine Tourtelot brings a highly sensitive eye to the beautiful details of nature on the second "Film Experimental" program. A former still photographer and artist, she combines these talents in "The Searching Eye," which is a juxtaposition of both drawn and film impressions of nature. Also included on the program are two narrative films "Two Cats One Chick," and "Wind Song," a reinstatement of the legend of Daphne and Apollo. The track for "Wind Song" was composed and played on specially invented instruments by composer Harry Parch. Miss Tourtelot discusses her films with Mr. Weld and Carl Brookins, television producer and photographer. "The Bottleman," a film about the and death of a ragged vagrant who supports himself by collecting old bottless the film offered by artist George Manupelli and composer Robert Ashley on the third program in the series. The vignette is a sensitive and beautifully photographed film highlighted by an unusual sound track composed by Mr. Ashley.

The fourth and final program on "Film Experimental" features the films of Bruce Baillie. The California filmmaker who was unable to attend the taping of the program has recorded his comments on the films he has produced and they were used with slides of Mr. Baillie at work (Cover). The films that will be shown on this program are: "On Sundays," a film about San Francisco and a beautiful girl named Miss Wong; "Have You Thought of Talking to the Director" an experimental documentary at the "Brookfield Research Center" and "Mr. Hayashi." The films and Mr. Baillie's comments are discussed by Mr. Weld and George Manupelli.



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WMSB RESERVES THE RIGHT TO MAKE ANY NECESSARY PROGRAM CHANGES.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29

- 9:30 THE BIG PICTURE -- TO BE ANNOUNCED.
- 00 DAVEY AND GOLIATH -- Cousin Barney arrives for a visit with Davey and Goliath with the news that his father hopes he stays "all summer."
- 10:15 INDUSTRY ON PARADE -- "Luxuries or Necessities?" shows how yesterday's luxuries -- like the automobile, airplane travel, silk hosiery and cosmetics -- have become today's necessities.
- 10:30 AMERICANA -- "The Surprising State Washington" shows the rugged scenery of the state, rich in timber and agricultural resources, with one-third of the potential water power in the country.
- 11:00 A NICKEL'S WORTH -- Helen Shaw and a panel of boys and girls give "a nickel's worth of advice" to other boys and girls who have problems.
- 11:30 FILMFARE -- "See You in Peru" Jonathan Winters narrates this travelog of the storied land of the Incas, from Lake Titicaca to the dense jungles of the Amazon.
- 12:00 ANTIQUES -- "Tables" The history of tables, and several different types -- from the drop leaf split leg table of the Jacobean-William and Mary period, to an inlay Hepplewhite table.
- 12:30 YESTERDAY'S HEADLINES -- Film segments document such historical events as "The Ocean Grave of the Andrea Doria," "The Fall of France," "The Coming of the Auto," "World War I from 1915-1916," and "Greatest Ski Spills."
- 1:00 PLANET EARTH -- "The Shape of the Earth" tells the history and development of man's understanding of the earth's shape, with old maps, and maps computed by trigonometric survey and by astronomical measurement.
- 1:30 FILM INTERNATIONALE: CARIBBEAN -- "Bon Bini Holiday" is a filmed tour of Aruba, Bonaire and Curacao.

WATCH MSU BROADCASTING

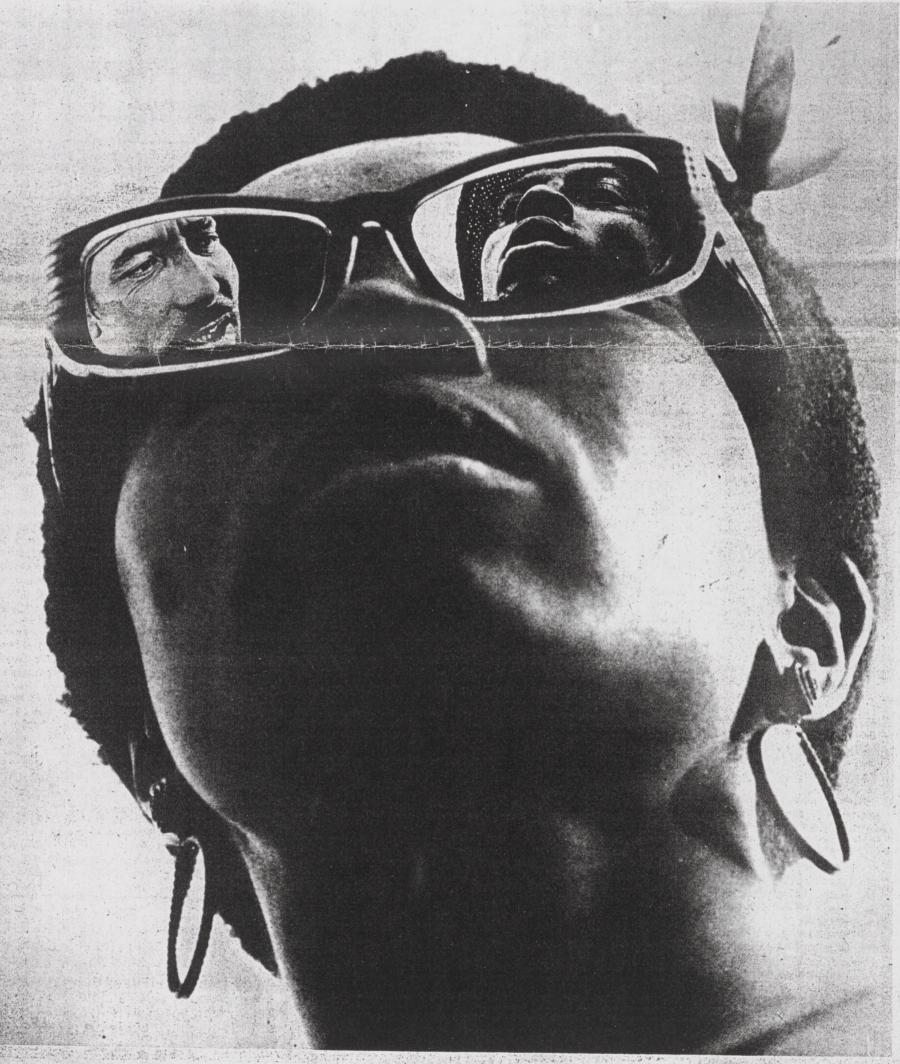
SUNDAY, MARCH 1

- DEASTERN WISDOM AND MODERN LIFE -- "Pain" Alan Watts explains Hindu, Buddhist and Taoist ideas about physical and moral pain, and examines the idea of the art of accepting pain by ridding it of contextual associations.
- 12:30 FAR EASTERN ART -- "Drama and Reality" The final program in the series presents an illustrated philosophy of the Japanese theatre, with an interpretation of Japanese Noh and Kabuki drama, dance, music and the art of acting as acts of "self-realization" in the spirit of the ancient Confucian code.
- 1:00 JAZZ CASUAL III -- Cornetist Muggsy Spanier, whose ragtime band in 1939 and 1940 helped to prepare listeners for a complete rejuvenation of jazz appreciation after the swing craze of the thirties, performs and is interviewed on his jazz views.
- 1:30 RECITAL HALL -- Presents a joint voice and piano recital of folk songs, and 16th century and contemporary works by Gean Greenwell, his wife, Pauline, a mezzo-soprano, and their son, Charles, at the piano. Mr. Greenwell, bass, is chairman of voice at Michigan State University.

1984: A STEP CLOSER TO FUNKY BUKOWSKI
THE FUGS PAUL GOODMAN: THE EXPENDABLES



WILL BLACKS, CHICANOS UNITE?



amera Like A Machinegi

There's an emotional structure underlying the films of Bruce Baillie which can only be described as "poetic". 'And yet to so describe a movie these days is to damn more than it is to praise. Any stumbling bit of imprecision can be, and usually is, so labelled. "Poetic" has become a suspect word for movies. Like 'epic'. All the best filmakers have the seeing-eye of the artist but Baillie, like Brakhage, has the seeing-mind of the poet. Seeking their forms as much from within themselves as from a photographing of the world around them, they work their way into that sacred, secret heart of im-

When I talked with him towards the end of 1967, Baillie had just endured a long siege of hepatitis. Working, perhaps, a couple of hours each day he had almost completed the ten minutes of "Valentin" but, in the closet of his workroom, was a great stack of uncompleted film. The afternoon I spoke with him in Berkeley he'd been wrestling most of the morning with a soundtrack which wasn't coming out as he wanted. He was still weak and easily tired.

He had, I knew, not turned to film until comparatively late. Until age 29 he'd been drifting around, not doing very much of anything, had served in the Korean War and, in 1955, had taken a degree in art at the University of Minnesota. But what had turned him decisively to film?

BB: Nothing that I really know. Except I wasn't satisfied with painting, and I had a feeling for my own kind of talent in original theater work. That brought me into film. I took a course by accident at Minnesota. I became a little aware of the medium. Then I went to school in London for a while.

RW: O yes. The London School of Film Technique. It seems a strange place for an American film student to go. Since, particularly then (1959) it wasn't too good. How long did you stay there? BB: About six months. At Christmas vacationI just went and wandered around Germany. Went down to Yugoslavia. I didn't like being at the school.

RW: And when did you come back here and start making your own films?

BB: L got a ship back. Got a job at Safeway. took out a loan and bought a camera. Started learning how to use it. Then I was fired. Got unemployment. And I went to work for Marvin Becker (NOTE: a commercial filmaker in San Francisco). Free. For about half a year. Just hanging around and listening to everything, and asking. He's very friendly, and very knowledgeable about all the tools. Then I started making "On Sundays" (1960-1) as a learning vehicle. That was my first creative thing in film, expressing something I felt. It was really just a description of my love for the girl in the film. Then I made a story out of the way I saw her. There's a re-edited workprint on it, and I'd like to fix it up a little technically. But probably won't get around to it now. I'm just piled up with films that are kind of a year old, along with a whole new raging lovely way of seeing things, and I'm starting to shoot in that now. Got about a roll and a half shot, just getting me into it. It's going to be myth...forms...long abstract, maybe silent, Kind of like "Dog Star Man".

RW: And what about the feature?

BB: Its for two screens, accepting the basic movie form, using a story line. There's lip-sync, dialogue, Using a distinct subject within a frame as opposed to something like... something more abstract... where the whole is the event rather than an event described by subject within a frame. But instead of things being successive they're simultaneous - the man talking and his listener can be seen at the same time. Its called "Celebration". But its not a personal discovery like most of my films. Its a sort of primordal exercise between Paul Tulley and myself.

RW: I know Paul Tulley's been associated with a number of your films. Who is he?

BB: A close friend. He lives up in Fort Bragg. Mendocino area. Fisherman. He's a wonderful film critic, but he doesn't write too much. Somebody ought to follow him around tape-recording.

RW: And how much of the feature have you shot? BB: All but a little bit of one man. He's going to be more or less the same as a narrator in an educational film.

RW: Don't you have nightmares with all this film piling up? What else have you got in there?

BB: There's "Morning Star". That'll be about a ten minute film. It's just beautiful, some of the most beautiful footage I ever shot...some of it... the color. The black and white isn't anything special, but I'll use that mostly as an environment in which to center the color parts, and then matte the two, kind of like I did with "Castro Street". Only instead of doing it at the shooting stage I'll do it at the rephotographing stage.

RW: Can you talk a little about "Castro Street",

one of my favorite films.

made that film. I had some kind of intelligence working for me that allowed me to develop the techniques I needed. But it was very hard when I edit. The footage I had was three times what the final film was, and much of it was good. There wasn't anything bad in it except a few flash frames - and some of those were finally used in the film. I used two projectors when I edited, one slower than the other. So I'd use punch marks when I really got down to where I was working. But what I'd mainly do was just view it and view it and write down all the things that worked in terms of my feeling about the film, things I couldn't design or anticipate. I liked the assignment in form I gave myself. To use a street as a basic form rather than a narrative or any kind of storyline. The whole has the shape of being born, or becoming conscious was the way I put it at the time. The soundtrack was just a miracle thing. When you hear it in stereo its really a nice piece.

RW: And what else are you working on?

BB: Apart from "Morning Star" there's a film to my dog, which is all shot. And two other films, short ones, shot in Mexico. One should be very exciting. It was a whole section of material that I thought would be part two of this "Valentin" film. And it didn't work. Most of it was Anscochrome. About a thousand feet. Mostly of a water area, with a guy carrying water up some stairs. With great golden light. But mixed in are some shots of Tulley's little boy, some windows, very much random, beautiful, sparkly stuff. I'm just going to go back to it, and forget any idea I had about it before. And, maybe, reshoot it off the screen.

RW: One of your earlier films I like very much is "The Gymnasts" [1962]. Where did you shoot that?

BB: The UC [Berkeley] gym.

RW: It has an extraordinary feeling to it.... of eeriness.

BB: It was pretty much deliberately a Kafka-like film. My first serious treatise on that feeling of the Kafka individual in that terrifying society... the way it moves without explanation to the human part. At first I was going to do it with a Negro girl I knew. I'd worked it all out with her. But she kept not showing up. So finally I shot it with me, partly in the gym, partly in this old abandoned terminal that's still in use. It was my first real exercise in cutting. Mostly editing dance. Mostly editing to create the dance.

RW: "Have You Thought of Talking to the Director" [1962] seems to be, in atmosphere, pretty much of a companion piece.

BB: It was pretty much the same theme, but with a very loose use of the narrative form. Although there were, I think, three major elements that cut across each other. Maybe too much freedom for

most viewers. But it was the first film I felt I was

getting hold of the tools a little. I had to redo the

track a few years later, it was so rotten. Until recently I had to do my sound transferring in the noon hours at Marvin Becker's. For years I didn't know how to do it right. With "On Sundays" I didn't even watch the V-U meter or anything. I was a long time learning all that. And also I never had any gear to work with, any sound readers, a synchronizer, or anything. I started off trying to make orthodox movies. I really tried. I never

RW: This was about the time you began to get into your myth films with "To Parsifal" [1963]?

BB: By that time I was up to my ears in debt. I'd used my loans and my money. Didn't have any more jobs. Through Audio Film Center I was able to get the little bit of help that made "To Parsifal" possible. That year had a very good spring. And I was going to make a tribute to spring and summer. Then, after that, I was with my camera out at sea with Paul Tulley, fishing, and heard Wagner's "Par-

over the shortwave radio. I'd been shooting at sea and not knowing why. But I knew I was building something. So I studied what "Parsifal" was all about from a lot of Wagner's notes. And then I started studying the hero-figure and found myself into the whole chain of western heroes.

RW: Which took you through "Mass" [1963] and "Quixote" [1964].

BB: "The Mass" was partly the result of a long trip I took up into where I come from, South Dakota. Discovering about the Indians and getting into that heroic form - as well as into the Mass itself, as a heroic form of western life. By that time I was really into a complicated, film.

RW: But what about "Quixote", surely one of the most complex of all American movies?

BB: "Quixote" is like a long, long documentary on America, with a lot of themes buried in it. It took most of the year just to get around the country, to shoot it, record it, discover just what it was. In the two books of "Don Quixote" which were, I think, separated by about ten years it's just ... it's like a million chapters - some very short, maybe a page, some very long - within which are a number of other subdivisions. Some of which are songs. Or poems. Or literary dissertations. And it had an excellence of form that could be reproduced in other mediums

as well as literature. "Quixote" was my last western-hero form. It summarized a lot of things. I pretty much emphasized the picture of an American as a conquistador. A conquering man. For example, up in Montana there's a bridge being put out, driving straight through the mountains, and it was half-made when I got up there. They're chopping their way right through.
And, to me, that was the best explanation of what

western man was up to. I'd spent all morning in the Helena library reading about Liver-Eating Baker, An old pioneer Montanan who claimed he would eat the liver right out of an Indian, just murdered. A really bad example of the white pioneer. I was enraged. And when I came to film that bridge I used my camera like a machine-gun. A few frames - 3-2-1-5-3-1 - and I shot the whole construction of this bridge like that, What I was doing was mailing the film back periodically. And it was stored. I didn't have the money to develop it Finally I managed to develop it and workprint it. And that part was beautiful, was no need to edit the whole sequence.

So "Quixote" was put together that way. About a year and a half. It was never quite right. I can't categorize it, but it wasn't pure film like most of Brakhage. Too much superimposition I think, Mainly because I had planned it for two screens, And I could never decide, until right near the end, it was going to be a one-screen film. In my revisions this summer I took out the random 'two things on one screen' I hate. Now there's hardly any of that left. A lot of my myth figures show up in that film. Like the black horse near the end.

RW: And what are the new forms, the new ways of seeing, you feel you're working into?

BB: Well, what I'm really interested in is a new one. It might be called something like "Feet Fear". it's a name came to me in a series of dreams, and the film will try to film those dreams I've had. There's a whole mythology of my own grown out of there, and this is probably due to the craziness from hepatitis. This chemical change in the brain operation. It's a little like being high on a small amount of LSD. And I went up into the woods of Oregon and I was terrified. The blackness. And I've had terrifying bestial dreams. They work their way out into a lovelier meeting with Diana, the protectress of men in the woods. I wrote them all down in detail, and I don't know exactly what I'm going to work with, what I'm going to photograph. Using Kodachrome because its easy to keep it dark and velvety and non-grainy around the edges when you're working in a low-level light. It would almost be more effective with animation. It's really the edge of shadows and colors and working in a totally abstract way, and somehow realizing animal shapes out of it - almost the way one would impose an animated figure into a photographed frame. The way Alexieff does it in "Night on Bare Mountain". In a way it grows out of the things that have been very close to me over the past few months, a form of death. Using the real animals as well as their shapes. Symbols. The word 'symbol' is kind of hard to use. But it really is symbols.

Baillie's intention then, on recovery, was to make several visits, to Oregon, to Brakhage in Rollinsville, Colorado, and to Los Angeles. Instead he has retired to the seclusion of Fort Bragg. To work. But his 'feature, I understand, has now been abandoned. Perhaps, and I hope, for the time being only. But the new way of seeing that he mentioned came through strongly in the workprint of "Valentin" he showed me. A lovely, quiet film touching on 'the edges of shadows; of colors'.



by Lenny Lipton

The recent Bruce Baillie Retrospective at the Cinema Psychedelic Film Series has inspired me to write about the films of this brilliant filmmaker.

only are many of Baillie's films accomplishments beyond the highest praise, but Baillie's work has served to inspire innumerable filmmakers, all of whom are willing to admit, without any hesitation, that many of Baillie's films have served as models for their work. When the history of this movement is written, Baillie will be remembered as one of its great leaders.

Baillie brought a new intensity and complexity of expression in his multiple imagery work in films like CASTRO STREET, QUIXOTE, MASS FOR THE DAKOTA SIOUX, and TUNG, His films have a rich-

ness that lasts with repeated viewing, that in fact, increases with repeated viewing. This is one indication that his work is film

Yet, even though much of his reputation may rest on his multiple imagery compositions, he has the power to create compeland evocative work of dis-

armingly simple form, like the superb ALL MY LIFE.
ALL MY LIFE is one shot long, a travelling shot of a picket fence.
The film plunged me into a past, not my own, someone else's memory of what was, perhaps not even Baillie's. I felt the fence and its color, and there was a and its color, and there was a thereness beyond having actually been there, a nowness and calm that comes only now and again. The track of Bessie Smith singing, from the distance I think, far away, adds to the wholeness. What a rich film! I could look at it ten thousand times and never get tired of it, Always seeing

er get tired of it. Always seeing something new, something more

wonderful, so simple.
Where do I start talking about
Baillie's work? I du't have any
idea. I don't know all of it well enough. I haven't spent enough time thinking about it.

Through it all, though, is the stain of the crime, that unwashable spot, that America will never be able to erase, the blight of racism and how we won this land. All serious American artists must come to grips with this issue. In film after film, Baillie goes beyond any intellectual statement that I could make about what the white man did to the Indian. Even when it is awk-ward I like his work. Somehow I sympathize so completely with the pig images, after the busthe pig images, after the business men's lunch, in QUINOTE, that I can forgive the crudeness of the metaphor. It's too heavy, but it doesn't matter.

A long time ago, it seems, I criticized QUINOTE, I think I I criticized QUINOTE, I think I even called parts of its imagery a mish mash. Well, as usual I was too blunt, too harsh, and used the hammer where a more delicate instrument might have sufficed. Baillie has reworked QUINOTE, and my god is it better! I don't know what he has done, the film requires enormous study, that I cannot give it.

study, that I cannot give it.

The brilliant circus sequence remains, and in it I see the strongest, tightest use of combination

imagery I have seen.
You know, combination photography is one of the first things the still photographers tried, long before the turn of the century. Maybe nothing is new, but in film this kind of imagery allows the filmmaker to create a complexity that one usually associates with

poetry.

That's why Meka's identification of filmmakers in the New York underground was so apt. They were, and are, film poets, for they sought those qualities more closely aligned to poetry thandra-ma, or the novel, or the news-paper; forms which had readily been wedded with film by the commercial cinema. Baillie is the

great creative guiding spirit of this the second stage of the Northern California avant garde. I don't know what the film scene would be like without him. I'm not only talking a-bout his work as a filmmaker, I'm also talking about his work forming Canyon Cinema.

Back to QUIXOTE. There is a sequence in this film, so sad

it defies description. Compare it to a Fred MacMurry flick of a high school gym, the basketball team, the big game. Baillie's basketball game has got to go down as a brilliant chunk of Americana. It has to go into the time capsule. It is so sad a view of national folly, of where this country is at.

QUIXOTE? I think Baillie and his camera are the QUIXOTE of this film. It is their search. And the film is not complete, and never could be completed. QUIXOTEcan ask all it wants

why there is this poverty in this land of plenty, why the basic attitudes of the vast majority of the population are so absolutely Calvanistic, so terribly unsym-pathetic, so enclosed in a plastic curtain, divorced from feeling,

curtain, divorced from feeling, so selfish.

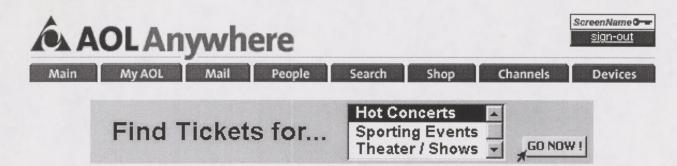
The Plastic Curtain! Perhaps Baillie's films are an exploration on the wrong side of that Curtain, the side that America

would love to forget about.

Sure, this is an understatement:
Baillie has produced a substantial body of work, and he is still a young man. Unlike scientists, who do their best work in their early twenties, like Einstein or Newton for example, artists have continued to produce all of their lives, and many of them do bet-ter work as they get older.

Perhaps the critical facility develops, and the mind guides the hands with more fidelity and feeling. Rembrandt and Rodin, for example, produced some of their ample, produced some of ment-best works when they were old

I note this because I think Baillie will be, or is going into his most creative years. I think his best work is probably still to come. What films he will make, I have no idea. It's something to look forward to, if you love film.





Keep As New Prev 4 of 9 Next Subj: Fw: re 7-21 and 7-14:hi Steve, sent this to Dominic for ref. The "Chelsea Hotel", NYC, etc., reminds me, generally, that I need a forum/platform for les recherches du printemps. Any ideas, let me know, ple. Date: Mon, 9 Jul 2001 1:23:26 PM Eastern Daylight Time From: "Wind Baillie" <bish14@earthlink.net>

"steve anker" <STEVEANKER@aol.com> "steve anker" <STEVEANKER@aol.com>

---- Original Message -----From: Wind Baillie

To: canyon cinema Cc: canyon cinema

Sent: Saturday, July 07, 2001 11:18 AM Subject: re 7-21 and 7-14:

dear Dominic, coupla notes re above after spkg to Steve A. on phone (listening then and cont. now to Les Brown and his Band of Reknown!).

I had forgotten some of the orig. ideas, eg, the USO Hop (dance): "Canyon Cinema Potluck and USO Hop (featuring the music of Les Brown and his Band of Reknown)"! Okay? We are trying to figure it for Tues, 7 PM potluck - 10:30 or somesuch. Steve checking with SFAI for space. I will bring the music. Need good audio deck and speakers only. Someone perhaps to make a big USO sign (red white blue). Costume dance, 40's, espec. military uniforms. He has some idea of adv.

Include original text in Reply.



Reply



Reply All



Forward



Book

the additional event. You folks could pass the word along. Some people may call you next wk at CC for the where/when. Also tonites event can announce events. Also, in honor of Charles Levine (just learned he passed on coupla wk ago), can we dedicate our 40th celebration to him? I will give a monologue 7-21 which will incl. remembrances of things past, NYC, SF, 60's ... recherches du printemps - Charles and his mom, the Chelsea Hotel, roses for the ladies, cheese, bread & wine for the audience, the USO's I have Known, etc. Appearing on both occasions in full dress blues, as my own character ... some notes as well one hopes on this new wedding of fact and fiction, espec. relevent in the art of cinema.

So, hoping you are doing well. There will also be on the 2lst a brief awards ceremony, so be prepared. The principles in the scheduled events of that Sat. should be aware of these essential intrusions.

see ya

PS Just discovered what a beautiful film is Roslyn Romance - screened new print yest. from AFA.

Have a nice screening of your own film tonite! And have fun.

⁻⁻⁻⁻⁻Headers -----

Return-Path: <bish14@earthlink.net>

Received: from rly-zd05.mx.aol.com (rly-zd05.mail.aol.com

^{[172.31.33.229])} by air-zd03.mail.aol.com (v78_r3.8) with ESMTP; Mon,

Berkeleyan Wins Prize

Berkeley film maker Bruce Baillie has won the Golden Gate Award at the San Francisco Film Festival for his 16mm entry, "To Parsifal," it was announced by festival officials last night.

Baillie's film, which was completed this summer, was chosen from among 70 entries in "Film as Art" category, and 22 finalists.

Baillie, who lives at 263 Colgate
Ave., Kensington, has been making films for more than three
years, and has also won an award
in a film festival put on by the
University of Chicago this year.

His cinema group, Canyon Cinema, is joining with the American Frontier Theater in San Francisco to present a week long program of film by independent American producers starting Dec. 2 at the Richelieu Theater on Geary St. in San Francisco.

losis for more complete notes for Men of mor How am I fallen from myself, for a long time now I have not seen the Prince of Chang in my dreams. -- from Yeats Collected Poems A program of films by Bruce Baillie, Summer, 1966: August 25, The University of California, Berkeley. August 26, The Straight Theater* San Francisco. August 28, Canyon Cinema at Intersection. August 29, Coast Gallery, Mondocino. (* Straight program on back page.) KUGRAM HOTES ALL MY LIFE 3 minutes, Ansco color printed on Eastman Ektachrome. Music of the same title by Ella Fitzgerald and the orchestra of Toddy Wilson. A short piece from a visit ated to Ted Bielefeld. Summer, 1966.

And the red roses.

And the red roses. to Caspar - an old 78 recording and the blue-green sky and the red roses. Dedicated to Ted Bielefeld. Summer, 1966. MASS on the idea and the structure of the Catholic Mass. Created during the winter of 1963 - 64, between Berkeley and Mendocino, after a trip into North and South Dakota, down through the junction of N. Mexico, Colorado, Utah and Arizona, and back to the West Coast. Picture and sound, with the exception of a Gregorian Mass recorded at the Trappist Monestary in Vina, Calif., are contemporary ... shot and recorded from TV and the movies, etc. The Mass is dedicated to the Dakota Sioux. The Kyrie is the motorcyclist section. The Gloria is the short section of Ray Milland ("The Man with the X-Ray Eyes"), a '33 Cadillac and the Bay Bridge. The Offeratory, Consecration and Communion follow. The heroic aspect in this work is a part of a personal chain of discovery for the author, including TO PARSIFAL (163) and QUIXOTE (164 - 65), etc. Any sort of useful notes on this thematic material have yet to be written. YELLOW HORSE 8 minutes, Ektachrome, printed on Kodachrome. Bass solo by Pat Smith of Los Angeles. From motorcycle scrambles in San Francisco and Cotati, shot during the summer of 1965 while editing QUIXOTE. Completed in January, 1966. The idea of "Yellow Horse" is kind of like an Astrological period ... "Black Horse" was a lead-in to the last section (NYC) of QUIXOTE. STILL LIFE 2 minutes, color. Derived from part of the life at Graton (one of the more or less independent communities in which individuals are seeking their own spiritual evolvment). Summer, 1966, TERMINATION 5 minutes, black and white. Made by the "Canyon Cinema Documentary Field Unit" for the people of the Laytonville Indian Rancheria. Summer, 1966. TUNG 5 minutes, color (Kodachrome II). Silent. A film poem to a friend. January, 1966. CASTRO STREET 10 minutes, color and baw. Spring, 1966. "The coming of consciousness". - cont. reverse side

2

CASTRO STREET cont. Shot and recorded along Castro Street in Richmond, California; the Standard Oil Refinery on one side and a railway switchyard on the other, coming to an end at a red lumber company. Working with outdated Anscochrome T-100 and high contrast Eastman negative copy film in March of this year, and editing the film - using two projectors - at Graton during April and May. The sound track was originally 2-track stereo but of necessity is monaural on the film print. The sound, like the picture, is from the street itself - many sounds are altered by playback speed.

The idea of the form of the film - a street - came from Eric Satie. The heart of the film came out of an unlikely crisis period ... which turned out to be concerned more with consciousness than anything else: thus the chaotic, or at least noisy arrival. The color material is like a female element, the b&w, male ...

in opposition.

For the author of the film, the b&w image of the railroad engineer in the first third of the film embodies the major theme. However, the film is really

something for anyone to follow into on his own.

Technically, this kind of film begins stretching the limitations of conventional cinema (single screen; conventional recording devices - separate picture and sound; "given" photographed frame; established printing methods): equipment must be developed that will allow an artist to move easily in his environment with a small single recording instrument - hot to mention the necessity to evolve circumstances in which an artist can do his work. Later, in assembling his material, he must be able to see and hear the material while combining it, being able to make re-runs on the same material (magnetic tape). He must be able to build his "frame" out of separately-recorded parts with the control of a painter.

PROGRAM FOR THE STRAIGHT THEATER, AUGUST 26: QUIXOTE. ALL MY LIFE. MASS. STILL LIFE. TO PARSIFAL. CASTRO STREET. Intermission following Quixote.

W QUIXOTE

45 minutes, black & white and color. Basically in four parts: The first,
a combination of "narrator" introduction - windmills, the road - Braceros in Calif. a piece called "Progress on the Bridge", with Hollywood material intercut - a small
town basketball game - night in the Southwest. The second, the Southwest in color:
a supermarketin Arizona combined with "The Yubiwaza Han" - the Ringling Bros. Circus
- Indians of three periods: contemporary pueblo people, Apaches, and 8th C. pueblo
remains - "The Asphalt Works" along the road in N. Mexico. The third section is
Montana in winter, based historically on the Missouri River route into Mont. Territory via St. Louis; the Blackfeet, etc. The last section is introduced by a black
horse, becoming a crying man on the streets of New York City. The NYC section is
combined with Vietnam news footage and material shot by the filmmaker in Selma on
the return trip, March, 1965. The Vietnam War is an essential expression of our
American Roccidental, Christian way of comprehending the world, ourselves, history,
etc., that is a reason for its thematic appearance in Quixote.

The film was taken during a trip across country from September, '64 - March, '65 and edited through the subsequent summer and fall. Each section uses a different film stock, form deriving from necessity. It is the last of a group of films in which the filmmaker was not only learning technique but discovering himself ... often by way of these heroic forms. Quixote is founded the original literary figure of Cervantes ... Quixote as knight errant (self portrature; literally embarking on a Quixotian adventure as a 20th Century American poet), and more broadly, America as conqueror, defending an antiquated standard. The presentiment at the end of the

film is of the end we have created for ourselves.

TO PARSIFAL

16 minutes, Eltachrome. Offering tribute, through Wagner, to spring and to the Christ.

CASTRO STREET cont. Shot and recorded along Castro Street in Richmond, California; the Standard Oil Refinery on one side and a railway switchyard on the other, coming to an end at a red lumber company. Working with outdated Anscochrome T-100 and high contrast Eastman negative corn film in March of this year, and editing the film - using two projectors - at treet during April and May. The sound track was originally 2-track stereo but of necessity is monaural on the film print. The sound, like the picture, is from the street itself - many sounds are altered by playback speed.

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STOXTHO

45 minutes, black & white and color. Basically in four parts: The first, a combination of "narrator" introduction - windmills, the road - Bracoros in Calif.- a piece called "Progress on the Bridge", with Hollywood material intercut - a small town basketball game - night in the Southwest. The second, the Southwest in color: a supermarketin Arizona combined with "The Yubiwaza jan" - the Ringling Bros. Circus - Indians of three periods: contemporary pueblo people, Apaches, and 8th C. pueblo remains - "The Asphalt Works" along the road in N. Mexico. The third section is Montana in winter, based historically on the Missouri River route into Mont, Territory via St. Louis; the Blackfeet, etc. The last section is introduced by a black horse, becoming a crying man on the streets of New York City. The NYC section is combined with Vietnam news footage and material shot by the filmmaker in Selma on the return trip, March, 1965. The Vietnam War is an essential expression of our American (Occidental, Christian) way of comprehending the world, ourselves, history, etc., that is a reason for its thematic appearance in Quixote.

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film is of the end we have created for ourselves.

TO PARSTRAT.

16 minutes, Ektachrome. Offering tribute, through Wagner, to spring and to the Christ.

How am I fallen from myself, for a long time now I have not seen the Prince of Chang in my dreams.

-- from Yeats' Collected Poems

A program of films by Bruce Baillie, Summer, 1966:

August 25, The University of California, Berkeley. August 26, The Straight Theater* San Francisco. August 28, Canyon Cinema at Intersection. August 29, Coast Gallery, Mendocino. (* Straight program on back page.)

ALL MY LIFE

3 minutes, Ansco color printed on Eastman Ektachrome. Music of the same title by Ella Fitzgerald and the orchestra of Teddy Wilson. A short piece from a visit to Caspar - an old 78 recording and the blue green sky and the red roses.

Dedicated to Ted Bielefeld. Summer, 1966.

MASS

20 minutes, black and white. Mixing of multiple imagery in camera. Based

on the idea and the structure of the Catholic Mass.

Created during the winter of 1963 - 64, between Berkeley and Mendocino, after a trip into North and South Dakota, down through the junction of N. Mexico, Colorado, Utah and Arizona, and back to the West Coast. Picture and sound, with the exception of a Gregorian Mass recorded at the Trappist Monestary in Vina, Calif., are contemporary ... shot and recorded from TV and the movies, etc. The Mass is dedicated to the Dakota Sioux.

The <u>Kyrie</u> is the motorcyclist section. The <u>Gloria</u> is the short section of Ray Milland ("The Man with the X-Ray Eyes"), a '33 Cadillac and the Bay Bridge.

The Offeratory, Consecration and Communion follow.

The heroic aspect in this work is a part of a personal chain of discovery for the author, including TO PARSIFAL ('63) and QUIXOTE ('64 - 65), etc. Any sort of useful notes on this thematic material have yet to be written.

YELLOW HORSE

8 minutes, Ektachrome, printed on Kodachrome. Bass solo by Pat Smith of Los Angeles. From motorcycle scrambles in San Francisco and Cotati, shot during the summer of 1965 while editing QUIXOTE. Completed in January, 1966. The idea of "Yellow Horse" is kind of like an Astrological period ... "Black Horse" was a lead-in to the last section (NYC) of QUIXOTE.

STILL LIFE

2 minutes, color. Derived from part of the life at Graton (one of the more or less independent communities in which individuals are seeking their own spiritual evolvment). Summer, 1966.

TERMINATION

5 minutes, black and white. Made by the "Canyon Cinema Documentary Field Unit" for the people of the Laytonville Indian Rancheria. Summer, 1966.

TUNG

5 minutes, color (Kodachrome II). Silent. A film poem to a friend. January, 1966.

CASTRO STREET

10 minutes, color and baw. Spring, 1966. "The coming of consciousness".
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The film was taken during a trip across country from September, 164 - March, 165 and edited through the subsequent summer and fall. Each section uses a different film stock, form deriving from necessity. It is the last of a group of films in which the filmmaker was not only learning technique but discovering himself often by way of these heroic forms. Quixote is founded the original literary figure of Corvantes ... Quixote as knight errant (self portrature; literally embarking on a Quixotian adventure as a 20th Century American poet), and more broadly, America as conqueror, defending an antiquated standard. The presentiment at the end of the

film is of the end we have created for ourselves. Revised 67

TO PARSIFAL

16 minutes, Ektachrome. Offering tribute, through Wagner, to spring and to the Christ.

Avail Free Even distribs

introduction Baillie film progre

SHOW LEADER:

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and the state of t 11-8-66 Masterpoo. for all to Jo Jo Denner)

* Toped parts (Joan 15)

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DRAMA

Quick Billy'

Michael Goodwin

BRUCE BAILLIE'S long awaited feature, "Quick Billy"—a 3½ year project in the life of one of the Bay Area's finest film poets highlights a special five-day premiere showcase of new works from local independent film-makers, opening Wednesday at the Surf Interplayers Cinema (Beach street near Hyde) which features the New and Old American Cinema in an ever expanding

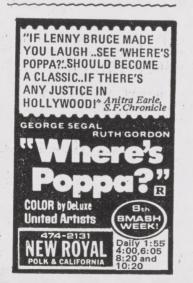
repertory of commercially-neglected films.

Baillie, who began film-making in 1961—the same year he founded Canyon Cinema-is best known for his short classics "Castro Street," "All My Life," "Still Life," "Valentin of the Sier-ras," and "Mr. Hayashi" and for three or four largely successful excursions into a longer format ("To Parsifal," "Mass" and "Quixote"). But it is "Quick Billy" that consumed all of Baillie's creative energies since its inception in 1967: it is "Quick Billy" that grew out of the reflections that produced the intensely mediative shorts "Tung," "Castro Street" and "Valentin," What is "Quick Billy," this "Horse Opera in Four Reels"?
"Ouick Billy" is based on

Four Reels"?
"Quick Billy" is based on
the "Bardo Thodol"—the Tibetan Book of the Dead. Although the film stands quite well on its own, its structure has been so strongly influenced by the form of the Bardo journey that it helps if you know a little about the book.

According to the teachings of Tantric Buddhism, when a man dies his (consciousness/beingness/Buddha nature) passes into the Bardo realm between death and rebirth—a place of fantastic visions, hallucinations, benevolent and wrathful deities. Once he's there, one of two things will happen to him: ei-

See Page 8





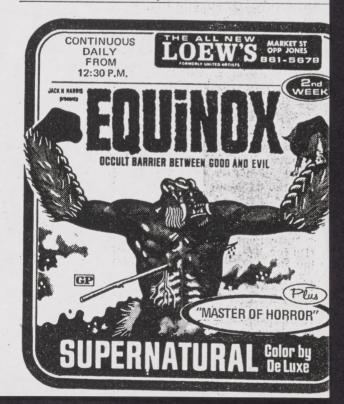
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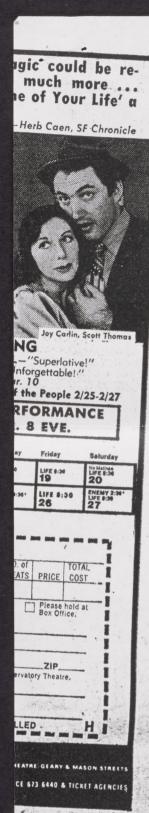
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'Quick Billy' Engrossing Experience

Continued from Page 6

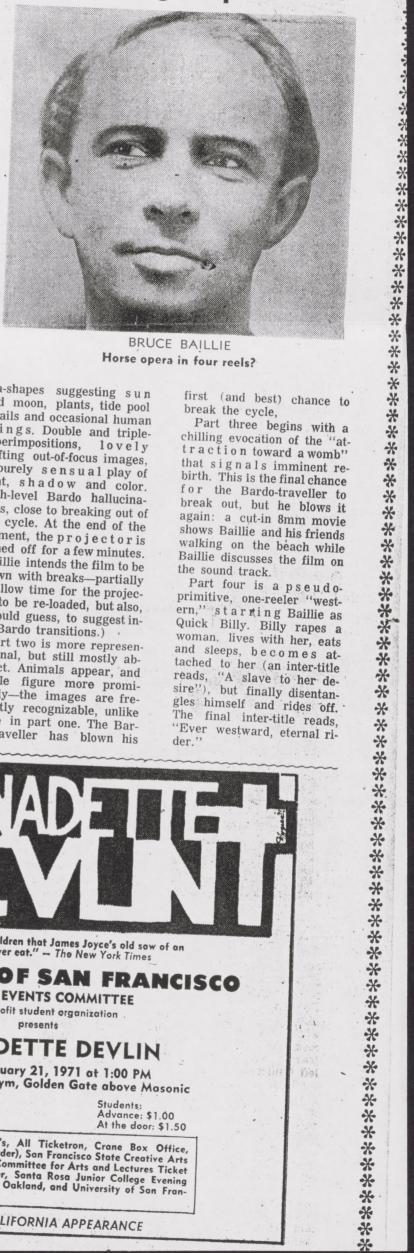
ther he'll break out of the birth-death-rebirth cycle and achieve Nirvana, or he'll be reborn into a new body, to live again and die again.

It's better to achieve Nirvana, of course, and whether or not you do depends on how you conduct yourself in the Bardo realm. For each Bardo state there is an appropriate way to break the cycle; the "Bardo Thodol" contains descriptions of the various Bardos (so you can tell where you're at), and specific instructions for how to deal with each one. It's best to study the book while you're still alive, but just in case it gets to be too much for you, you can pay a lama to read the book to your corpse after you're dead.

Although you can break out at any point, the closer you get to rebirth the harder it gets. The first Bardo, for instance, is the easiest one to get out of, as the visions are pure-light symbols with little emotional power. If you fail to break the cycle there, you move into the next-lower Bardo, where the visions are more specific, more "realistic." Each lower Bardo is, in turn, more emotionally seductive, and harder to escape (into Nirvana, that is, it's easy to escape in a "downward" direction, i.e., toward rebirth). Finally, in the lowest Bardo, if you are still unable to free yourself from the Karmic illusions, you will be "attracted toward a womb."

'Quick Billy" is a complex film, and I've only seen it once.

It's a four-part film, each part about 15-minutes long. Part one is mostly abstract



BRUCE BAILLIE Horse opera in four reels?

sea-shapes suggesting sun and moon, plants, tide pool details and occasional human beings. Double and triple-superimpositions, lovely shifting out-of-focus images, a purely sensual play of light, shadow and color. High-level Bardo hallucinations, close to breaking out of the cycle. At the end of the segment, the projector is turned off for a few minutes. (Baillie intends the film to be shown with breaks-partially to allow time for the projector to be re-loaded, but also, I would guess, to suggest inter-Bardo transitions.)

Part two is more representational, but still mostly abstract. Animals appear, and people figure more prominently-the images are frequently recognizable, unlike those in part one. The Bardo-traveller has blown his

first (and best) chance to break the cycle,

Part three begins with a chilling evocation of the "attraction toward a womb" that signals imminent rebirth. This is the final chance for the Bardo-traveller to break out, but he blows it again: a cut-in 8mm movie shows Baillie and his friends walking on the beach while Baillie discusses the film on the sound track.

Part four is a pseudo-primitive, one-reeler "western," starking Baillie as Quick Billy Billy rapes a woman, lives with her, eats and sleeps, becomes attached to her (an inter-title reads, "A slave to her de-sire!"), but finally disentangles himself and rides off. The final inter-title reads, "Ever westward, eternal ri-

"She is one of the children that James Joyce's old sow of an Ireland will never eat." — The New York Times

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David Curtis Film and Video Officer, Arts Council of Great Britain

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Questiii

"One of the things I've always appreciated about the Cinematheque is the way that it's open to a wide variety of works from the margins, that it's more interested in negotiating boundaries and definitions than in hardening them, that it actively strives to be a home to the "free forms" of our heterogeneous society."

Trinh T. Minh-ha, Director Naked Spaces-Living Is Round and Shoot for the Contents

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Bruce Baillie 669 W Kodiak Avenue Camano Island, WA 98282 (360) 387 1081 October 5, 2009

dear George Lucas and friends,

8282
cc/10: Jonathan Merlow, S.F. Cinemategre
12/24/09
Via Anthology Film progress Hello from Camano Island. I am forwarding - via Anthology Film Archives - several DVD's and a CD, products of your generosity in film preservation. A very big Thank You for the opportunity to finish this work of a lifetime.

Regarding the enclosed, Volume I will be re-released late October, through our Canyon Cooperative, San Francisco. Volume II, just completed, will be available in two weeks. This copy of Volume III is a prototype in-progress; the film, Quick Billy awaits digital re-mastering. The enclosed CD, Stan Brakhage Lectures at San Francisco Art Institute 1974, I remastered recently and made available from Anthology and Canyon Cinema.

DVD Volume IV (selected video works) is on the table, as well as a number of films waiting on the digital remastering list: Roslyn Romance, To Parsifal, Still Life, On Sundays; several of the earlier films; Day Ashore (60-min, b&w sync, NEA grant, 60's SF); The Cardinal's Visit (color narrative film, 60-min, 80's NY); B&W early 60's rolls, never projected, from Anthology storage; The Holy Scrolls (11hours of semi-edited films); Les Memoires d'un Ange (final work/video, in-progress). *Restorage location: PFA or Anthology Ny, or Canyon ref Sami van Ingen, Helsinki

I am pretty well established now with a good restoration lab team,

and a reasonable local printer. Health holding, gym 3X week, looking forward to continuing the work!

P.S: My boy, Keith Baillie - eleven - is a regular fan of your tv series, Star Wars, the Clone Wars*, any of the Lucas video games, and the Legos kits.

* I said to him last night, "I wish my images could see the same clarity in my own films - "

Sincerely, [Lucasfilm Foundation via Anthology Film Archives. a 501c (3) organization - re tax deductable contributions.

ORIGS @ 000 Island additest.

12/26/09 Jenathan, hope you a friends have enjoyed Christmas Cls. fund "Flanks to Steve Polta for invitation to Contact re. Stanford V. archive. I am recording some 20 hr. of Shervele Kolmes films - most are DV - restored (some by UCLA!) over current 24- hr. period, TCM. Long awanted on my part. Is inform; much appreciate your help,"in some of these small matters", as Holmes might put it. (We might inquire of VCLA the goss. of DV-restoration of some of my films - at geast Jole like to thank a congratulate UCLA on their Holmes rest. project!) gest regards to all nd to hip ()ight. "I wish my images could see the same P.S. there are 2 votesting short films from Mexico, 67 among the Holy Scrolls' collection.

B6

Snettan Menlon

Jahon Hale Services of putting a tent up steer where i start where i start the start out the suntent start of any and the start of said butter anyone. WANT THE TAKE. TO 263 Colyate Berkeley Ca . 94 708 song doing a suberged, or good, film-moking + sides, etc.) Have not a cold-that if they like the strangs To: Rom 220 Dordnestrial Center Bldg - 94965

11-16 Den Carmera, thinks again for invitation, it was a mie show. I wouldn't mind trying to stay around auxile I a could get some income: do you know anyone at Art Just. or SF State U, etc? On- could you ask around if any openings/or interest in



4-30 Huntsville, Ala 350 3120 3 den Camen: 2 wk. here with coop. Nie visit with 3 Will. Someone stole a lot \$ = 5 of his stuff, und original of his stuff, and original Knight English Bolex, tripod, projector . Weile Fig. setting year few lenefits to a deligated try & raise \$2000 or so - hes 30 9 hot to be at work, if he can get some systement gear. Can month or so? He will come of the sound of some of the will come of the sound of the Connen Viend

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hi - plse fud right anon. flands. love, B. B. 29 PS. Its al I believe AFA mot got it







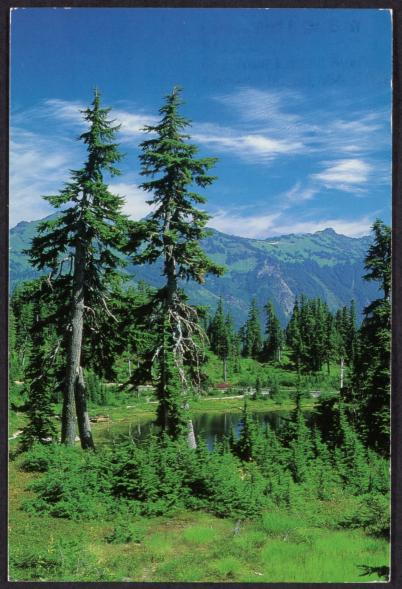
The been doing, other Han film + video (ratio, writing, shoting.) Ill write in a week or two when fre more & some its expensive

to come to SF St CA of the

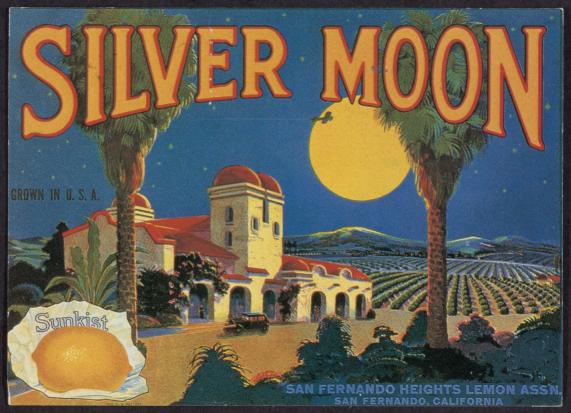
7-27-94 Dan Store - nice hearing from you. This is to let you pron your letter received; In working on the cola you propose - a SF retrospective Couple of USC Fledd on way, to writ a few days - I may discuss sulistedy some help. Dole tike to consider presenting current material from my life of work

2/25/95 Steve here are some out takes from. now in 6 th year: Hus is smilan G the form I'm coundering for latter half of the hole. Here pages are not vices souly as mumbered segments -Some of the zeroseny is and madegrate sete. _ sometimes) use ony, color photos, others are bow zhox. - happened & Jave these extra (reject) pp.

d so will find. to you, to give you an idea of this project. It has been suming ender Lo title, nemoures of an Angel The larter chapts are typed & narraline; also marative discutogrates inte ... notes, as you see here the cordinal. telp re. April - B.



Steve Ah Ker Cinemategue 480 Fothers AVE. USA G For U.S. addresses only SF. CA 94110 uncoordin on it as Post 084 inform. Dar Steve 2-5-95 Dar Steve -Important to fenow snow-capped Mt. Shuksan, famous voorts reflection in P This nearly at D (iew ost your account of the seem at skill are in the Summer months. Looking another direction Entropy of the form of the bound of the boun 13180 RINTED IN U.S.A. which public showing



40 2 CHENAN CARD CO. LTD. 3429 A RPORTWAY & SEATTLE, WA. 98184 printed in USA 3-16 = Steve. To-the-moment * Beported Poubts of having sufficient made under arm on arrival, SF, now disspelled. Sending several Three - Image" Films off tomorrow work for another weekforst least is work for another weekforst least is to Anthology, for Oberhausen. Daily. along. April I will be converting again to video; bringing pprox.

2) one-hr. precest So, pls.

try for daily [Ross's during my week po

Hours. - Sat. Sun. short HI-8 price (for racho track) non. beg. video editing. Two I-hr. sieces, wel. P. I. material from Dec. - Jan. Well else bring > se jeg 3

3-28 hi Steve. (Remember that silly guy on easter TV, "Hi-ho, Stevarino!"?) Please send a new srelease re. April week - Okay? To: OStanwood -Carnano NEWS, Stanwood WA 98292 @ SKagit Valley Herald, 1000 E. College Wy, Mt. Vernon, WA. 98273. 3) The Herald, Grando Calif-St's., Everett, WA. 98204 (Seattle Post-Intelligent 30 B 1909, Scattle 98111 Ito-for me - Part of staying in touch " thanks. Will finish 4th 30-min. reel of Roslyn Romane material + earlier shorter



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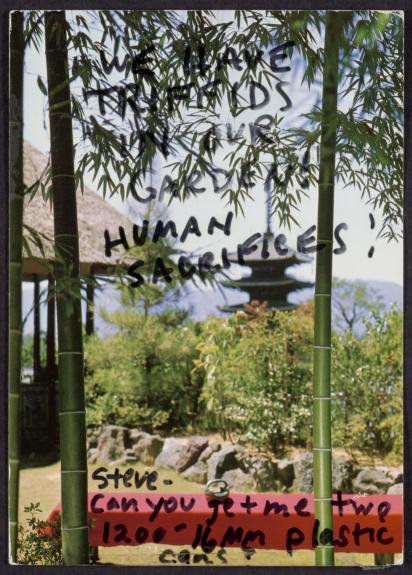


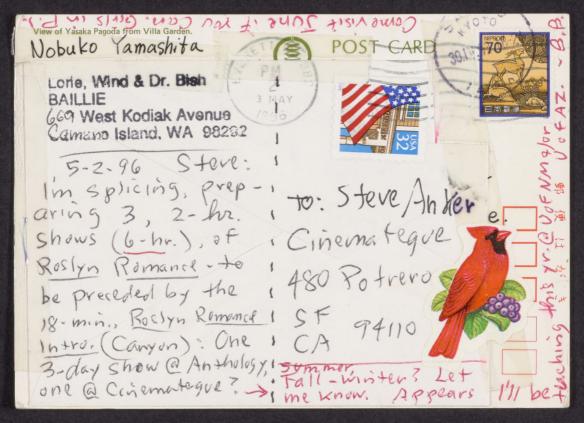
Steve Anter, Cinemategue % SF Art Institute 800 Chestnut St.

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USPS 1995

2/21/95 darsfeve = another note tree? April: Essential to make proper prep's. I realize there are 7 dil-ficulties of Junitations in Funds of the staff However since we've discussed is reunion for over a year, it would be seem useless to cont. to plan the week & in SF unless someone there has contacted UC Archives, re. Showing; local FMiery, re. 3 adot of Dr. B. show(s); making a Cinemategres date; the Canyon dates (re. phone w. David), { the potlyck picnic & reunian (park) -all scheduled, etc. if not coming together. 8:5

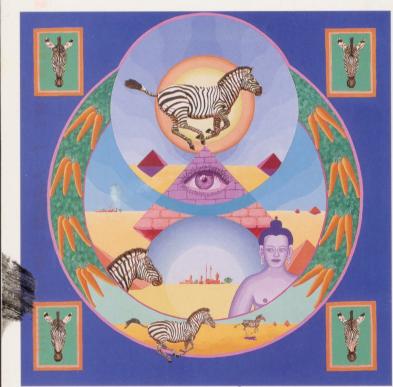






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Chieley Strand

CARETINGS (PROM YOUR FAMILY Steve An Ker 308 Montal SFCA からなっこから den Unde Steve. 9-27 Howare things shaping gre it the lies try (probably fly). Did you get my JSNSCC, Nav./Sta./Ev./Div Camano Island, WA 98282 669 West Kodiak Avenue Formand? - prep. a Jesse Joekson type rally for the arts & artists! Is STAI apt. avail Jello to your wife, the Doctor, hope shes retgate

9000 H1-8 C hand, partly morder Sunkist

8-24. How does Nov. 18 > into succeeding week look for your scheduling, preps, etc.? Lorie is off for two wk. beg. 11-17. Family would like to come. Remember to adv. along w. Films, that I will # tell stories" - of the 60's orig's., etc. - also perhaps Eplay some of the radio shows -maybe FM Berk. UrsF like to bolest., etc. ? Also prob. ready

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Dan Steve -A few notes briefly, as Die returned with the usual intestinal brothering, lete., I WA. cold. Lost 15 16. in Swin in polluted reservoir - flus settle on ford, garbege meontamid, non petable well trater, etc. People generally quite Loving. Commieations of transit non essistent. De Sun & clouds morrelore. Faces blantiful, If I god the time o energy I and bring the frees to SF, but too much & do,

Anylow, re. SF/April: Please Se C' Coordinate W. Canyon of Strong of wents. Andrew are announced and potential of park.

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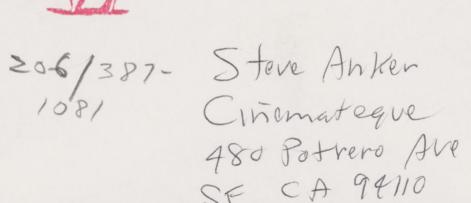
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Lorie, Wind & Dr. Bish BAILLIE 669 West Kodiak Avenue Camano Island WA 98292







Merry Christmas

Happy New Year

Steve of family & Cinemathque,

A very good Christmas

holiday to you! thanks for all

your took this past year —

from us grup,

Lorie, B.B. Wind, Boh

12/01

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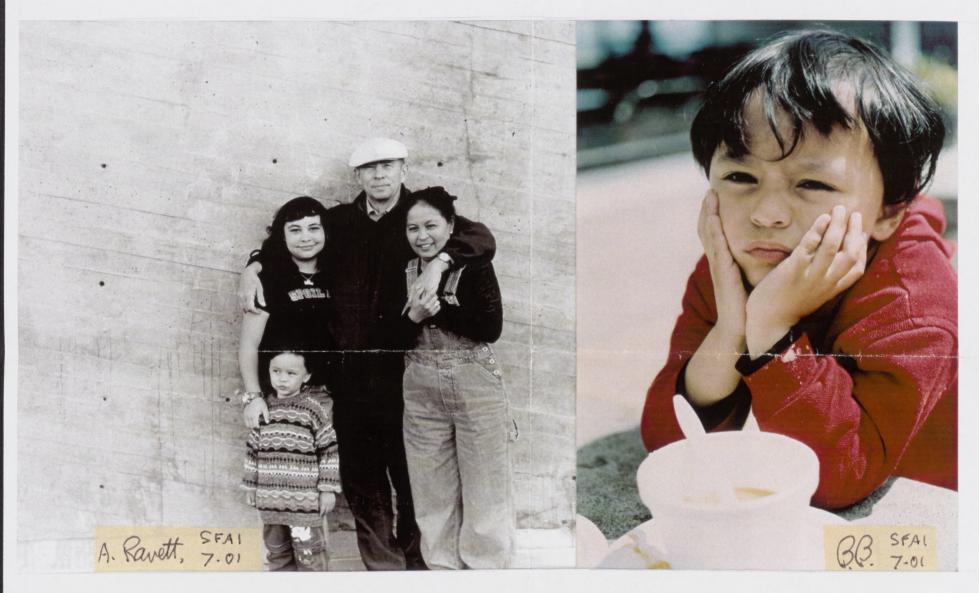




FB Carmen Vigil, Ciremategne 339 Hrad St. San Francisco, Ca

July 9. = 150 mi from Alabama seminar: 6 PM. Hotten hell, now big wind. Sitting it out church steps, trees, graveyard. Called Horb at last (enroute); he promises to deliver prints, so one more try Her old friend so gotta try it. Thanks ogan. If it doesn't work, Ill write Steve A in NY again. Maybe se you in Sept., let you benow about Alabama, love, B.B.

MERRY 2001 CHRISTMAS



HAPPY 2002 NEW YEAR

(non vietta space) (try sto get to short day) -- cont: Will also brings some of the longer, which It films - excepts. The Starme chests, brived here for so many years, are running over! Parhaps of 12-20. In of sphted films on crossprint Ill flave some of it with Canyon, for the catalog, soon, Brok consider a I who. Authorough of showing when I get most of it in projection Condition. reautine beg to seek \$ suggest to fine looks to conform ong S., sound, note resemble

The to get book & to look soon - have it fairly dear is my mid now as to overall 350 Jose odd times (fast nt. a neighter Javobald on our door, wanting to prowif I had been in Jus house yesterday. ? Still commiced of his Carronaly musuformed impression be statked off to phone the sheriff of Workland, one wonders, do they get from A to B of a day's mudanery, let ølone judge ten fellows in a court of Dan en what haveryon?
Betts get to work, 9 p.m.

Baillie Correspondence - 1994-95

bishl49earthlink.net www.geocities.com/Hollywood/ Theater/1809 REMEDIES BAILLIE 669 WEST KODIAK AVENUE CAMANO ISLAND WA 98292 (360) 387 1081 photo, Ellipt Caplan for Commuters Pat. Pend. C 2002 10/10/10 Cinematique - Jonathan / anessa, Steve, et al You gotta (vrogram this new Evorle, Cinema of the Booky Ly A my Greenfield. Helmes!

Lorie, Wind & Dr. Bish BAILLIE 669 West Kediak Avenue Cameno Island, WA 98292





Steve Anker Es Cinematique 480 Patrero Awe.

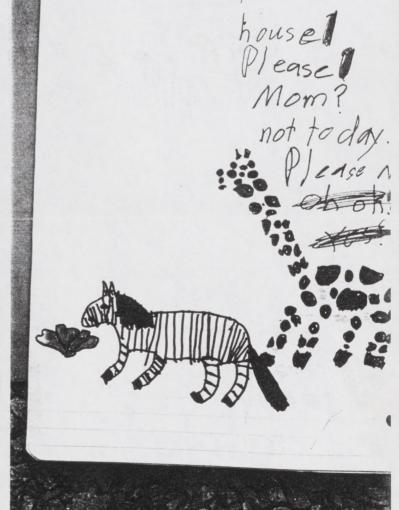
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30110/1030 Halululullullillimilli



backyard, read gnotes to com.





12/97 from Salute (video) in-progress.

The Magic Box - Unfinished Films by Dedicated to Paul Tulley, fisherman, poet and gent, 1-24-32 - 10-19-96. This will be the first time many of these reels and the series of Romance rolls will have been out of their box, buried for years beneath a pile of teddy bears, books, bedding - traveling between NY, CA and WA States. As well, the first time Roslyn Romance (Is it Really True?) Intro I & II will have been shown with much of the subsequent material. The finished Intro was edited at Bard College, on-Hudson, mid-70's. Day Ashore, 1966, was shot in Berkeley with a rented Arriflex B sync camera + recorder, thanks to the NEA, using tri-X negative. A combination of documentary and occasional, pure fiction. This film never projected for an audience. There are as well several unfinished shorter films from the mid-60's, photographed in Mexico, etc., in the fourth program. Roslyn Romance began in Roslyn, Washington, early 70's, after Quick Billy (shot in Ft. Bragg, CA, edited in Houston) and continues in film, video, radio tapes, photography, and notes, to the present and perhaps beyond. The "rolls" (100 feet, $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes), reels and sound tapes were/are a continuing report via the detail of everyday life in the Light which animates, illumines, unifies all the wonderousness of life, living and loving. The last segment of my final work is entitled Light; in, Memoires of an Angel (video, in-progess). I no longer live in my VW I was never able to keep up with it all - at least, some thirty years later, we can see the roughly edited workprint. My apologies for the absence of sound and of - in many instances a feel for the context and meaning intended in these reels; much of it was conceived to be dependent upon literal, journal/notes or commentary. All of the notes and tapes are in storage, labeled, dated, etc. The Cardinal's Visit is a full-length narrative, costume drama with sync sound, medieval style titles - a final movement to the Romance. Filmed on color negative in Upstate NY, 1980, at Bard College and environs, encorporating numerous friends as helpers and as day-to-day inspiration for characterization and the constantly changing script. the - 12-10-97 my 1997

75,000 B.C. Early Oupling Here's some Lonely hunter looking for the Cast Mastodon naturally endangered and locked into a Josen tango Explorers - trail buddies

would go this way Jan. 82 Tulley:

Show #1:

- * Video notes from the filmmaker. 10-minutes.
- * Roslyn Romance (Is it Really True?) Intro I & II. (rental)
 18-minutes. 1972 75.
- * Reel II (Romance).30-minutes. 5-72 8-73. Roslyn, WA.

 II Direttore (excerpt). With Ed Hugetz and Marilyn Fortesque.

Rolls. 9-72 - 2-73. Wheat. 8-73.

* Spokane River. 25-minutes. 6-74.

* Reel III. 30-minutes. 12-73 - 7-75.

Roslyn, CA - AZ - NM, NY - Kansas (enroute Aspen).

- 120-minutes

Show #2: (Romance, continuing).

* Mosebar's. 18-minutes. 7-74.

* Aspen (Martial Arts Academy). 38-minutes. 7-75.

*Reel IV-A

23-min. 77.

Tung, SF, N.CA.,

Vpstate NY.

* Reel IV. 30-minutes. 1977.
 Tivoli, NY, Aberdeen SD - Mrs. Spellman's,
 Roslyn wedding - Sunshine and Gigi, Wilder
 Wilder Bentley's, N. CA.

* Reel V. 30-minutes. 3-76 - 8-83.

Bard College, NY, Tucson (Russian flu), Oklahoma - NY,

"Carburetor #1 & II", Dog Ads.

- 140 -minutes

Show #3:

- * Rokeby (NY). 35-minutes. Spring, 1975.
- **Reel VI. 45 -minutes. 1972 76. WA. dancers Roslyn, NY (Bard shed converted 6-8' waterpump
 building where I lived in the woods while teaching
 at the College), Pittsburgh (Roger Jacoby and Ondine).

 (Also, G.S. Alvare, Sally Dixon, Kenneth Anger.)

* The Cardinal's Visit. 50-minute excerpt. 1980 - .

Reel A
Cont. -

(Cont. <u>Cardinal</u> -):

With Elliot Caplan, Holly Thomas, Michael Kriegsman, Gladys Baillie, Ricky Aldrich, Brian Gale, Loton Springstead, Robert del Tredici, Madrone Whelan, Kathy Gardineer, Peter Wahlberg, Don Gray.

Titles by Bonnie Jones. Costumes by The Performance Group, NYC. Thanks to the NEA.

Titled segments: "The Cardinal's Reverie",
"The Bishop's Anguish", "Assignation in the Chapel",
"Dilemna of the Vehicle"(i.e., the cloth), The Cardinal's
Peaches", Letter from the Vatican", "Last Ride",
"L'Hermitage", Too Many Miracles", "To Be Continued - ".

Dedicated to James Blue.

130-minutes

Show #4:

Reel I-A

7-min. 66

* The Cardinal's Visit. Detail reel, including more Rokeby

7-min. 66

material as "Fr. Ricky's former life", the filmmaker

as narrator, and other detail missing from excerpt

in Show #3. 54-minutes.

Star:

(Creek Pam) * Reel I. 30-minutes. 1967 - 69.

* Reel VII
30-min. 78.
Peter Spellmans
Camarillo, CA.
and Berkeley.

* Reel VII-A

Berkeley.

1975 - Show #5: 1 * Video notes from the filmmaker repeated. 10-15 min.

Parts of four unfinished films:

<u>Licho</u> (Chapala, Jalisco, Mexico. Photographed during the same period as, <u>Valentin de las Sierras</u>). Julio en Chapala.

Morning Star. (Lou Gottlieb's community, near
Santa Rosa, CA. I edited most of my films here,
living in the woods with my dog, Mamma under
a canvas tarp with kerosenge lamp.).

Italian Romance. Caspar, CA., with Tung

130-minutes

* Day Ashore. 110-minutes. 1966. Six reels.
With Paul Tulley, Deirdre, Ross, Gladys Baillie, and Norman de Vall.

130-minutes

Bruce Baillie and the Canyon CinemaNews Years

Bruce Baillie and Ernest Callenbach In Person

Sunday, October 15, 2006 — Yerba Buena Center for the Arts — 7:30 pm

San Francisco Cinematheque is honored to host Bruce Baillie, co-founder, with Chick Stand, of both San Francisco Cinematheque and Canyon Cinema (then known as the singular Canyon Cinema or Canyon Cinematheque). With its beginnings on the legendary sheet near Bruce's home in Canyon, California in 1961, the screenings quickly began an itinerant existence at various sites (including church basements, a morgue, the Finnish Hall, and Ernest Callenbach's backyard) across the Bay Area. Although originally devoted primarily to film screenings, it quickly became a locus for community, a place where filmmakers and aspiring filmmakers could share their love of cinema and eventually equipment, know how, and ideas.

Tonight's program is a celebration of this early period —its passions, its innocence, its pre-institutional informality. With us from Washington state is Bruce Baillie, whose enthusiasm and energy sparked two of the longest-running organizations devoted to experimental film in the United States, and from Berkeley, Ernest Callenbach, founder and editor of *Film Quarterly*, who provided love, labor, a backyard, and a garage for the many activities of those early Canyon days. Not only was he instrumental in getting the newsletter —Canyon CinemaNews— started, but it was in his backyard that occasional screenings took place and in his garage that the Canyon Cinema Workshop found a home. It was there that some of the films we'll see this evening were conceived and created.

Although an exhaustive, linear history of the early Canyon days is something that will never exist, it is through the recollections —sometimes vivid, sometimes tenuous— of Bruce, Chick Strand, and Ernest Callenbach, as well at the others who participated in this moment, that the period and its spirit come alive again. It can also be experienced through the films that were made, generated by a palpable love of cinema and delight in, sorrow for, and commitment to the world and the time with which they engaged.

The seven films I have selected for this evening were all made between 1961 and 1966, and they represent a selection of Bruce's remarkable early work, as well as those made by Bruce with friends as either "Canyon CinemaNews" films —reflections on or portraits of Bay Area people and places then projected as part of the itinerant screenings— or by what was later called "the Canyon Cinema Documentary Film Unit." In their attention to and enthusiasm for cinema's potential, as well as their desire to give voice and form to unheralded individuals and facets of the time, they are somewhat reminiscent of the Kino Pravda project of the young Dziga Vertov.

As a group, the films screened also present an eloquent portrait of San Francisco and Northern California in the early 1960s. In his remarkable first film, On Sundays, and the later Mass for the Dakota Sioux, Baillie evokes San Francisco and its human and physical landscapes as no other filmmaker has done. Mournful rather than celebratory, revealing idiosyncratic details rather clichéd sites, Baillie's films include elliptical narrative elements and documentary portraits as they weave myriad images and sounds into exquisite city sonatas. The shorter Canyon CinemaNews or Documentary Film Unit works —portraits of a public gym, an itinerant gardener, a school for the handicapped, and a Native American reservation— also remain a poignant record of a specific historical and geographical moment. In today's world of sound and image bytes by the billions, Baillie's slower, graceful and tender approach to documentary, and to film as profoundly expressive visual and acoustic medium, is one that merits being seen and heard again. —Irina Leimbacher

The Gymnasts (1961); 16mm, b&w, sound, 8 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema
Originally a Canyon CinemaNews film, The Gymnasts imagines a possibility of personal liberation.

Opening Remarks: Irina Leimbacher, Bruce Baillie and Ernest Callenbach

Mr. Hayashi (1961); 16mm, b&w, sound, 3 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema Another CinemaNews piece, Mr. Hayashi is a lyrical portrait of a Japanese gardener who immigrated to the US and who speaks about his life and work.

Here I Am (1962); 16mm, b&w, sound, 11 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema

A short documentary made for an Oakland school for mentally disturbed children, Here I Am is a masterpiece of attention to gesture, detail, and editing as it sensitively portrays the children at play

and at work.

Termination (1966); 16mm, b&w, sound, 5 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema

Conceived and shot by what was then called the Canyon Cinema Documentary Film Unit —Baillie, Paul Tulley, and others— *Termination* was made for a small community of Native Americans near Laytonville, California.

Brief Discussion with Bruce Baillie and Ernest Callenbach

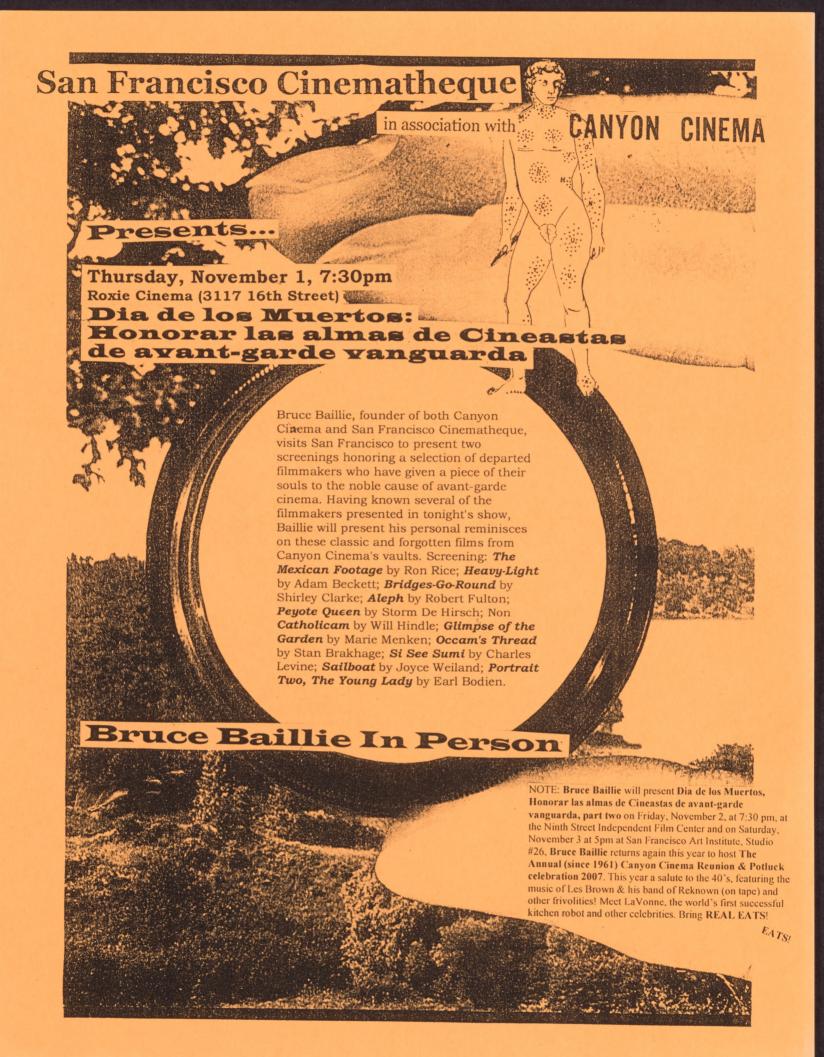
On Sundays (1960-61); 16mm, b&w, sound, 27 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema

Baillie's remarkable first film is a lyrical portrait of both the light and the darker sides of San Francisco and an elliptical narrative combining documentary, fantasy, and desire. It is also a portrait of Baillie's friend, and one of the great loves of his life, the graceful "Miss Wong."

Mass For The Dakota Sioux (1963-64); 16mm, b&w, sound, 20 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema "A film Mass, dedicated to nobility and excellence. [...] The film begins with a short introduction – 'No chance for me to live, Mother, you might as well mourn.' Sitting Bull, Hunkpapa Sioux Chief. Applause for a lone figure dying on the street. INTROIT. A long, lightly exposed section composed in the camera. KYRIE. A motorcyclist crossing the San Francisco Bridge accompanied by the sound of Gregorian chant, recorded at the Trappist Monastery in Vina, California. The sounds of the "mass" rise and fall throughout. GLORIA. The sound of a siren and a short sequence of a '33 Cadillac proceeding over the Bay Bridge and disappearing into a tunnel. The final section of the Communion begins with the OFFERTORY in a procession of lights and figures to the second chant. The anonymous figure from the introduction is discovered again, dead on the pavement. The body is consecrated and taken away past an indifferent, isolated people, accompanied by the final chant. The Mass is traditionally a celebration of Life; thus the contradiction between the form of the Mass and the theme of Death. The dedication is to the religious people who were destroyed by the civilization which evolved the Mass." —Bruce Baillie

Castro Street (1966); 16mm, color, sound, 10 minutes, print from Canyon Cinema

"Inspired by a lesson from Eric Satie, a film in the form of a street — Castro Street, running by the Standard Oil Refinery in Richmond, California. [...] All visual and sound elements [are] from the street, progressing from the beginning to the end of the street, one side is black and white (secondary) and the other is color—like male and female elements. The emergence of a long switchengine shot (black-and-white solo) is to the filmmaker the essential of consciousness." —Bruce Baillie



CANTON CINEMA

Presents...

i DÍA DE LOS MUERTOS!

HONORAR LAS ALMAS DE CINEASTES DE VANGUARDIA
Presented by the founder of Canyon Cinema

BRUCE BAILLIE

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"ALEPH" BY WALLACE BERMAN
"WINTER" BY DAVID BROOKS
"A VISIT TO INDIANA" BY CURT MCDOWELL
"THE RED MILE" BY LE ANN BARTOK
"SOLIDARITY" BY JOYCE WEILAND
"OFF/ON" BY SCOTT BARTLETT
"RUMBLE" BY JULES ENGLES
"ANCIENT" BY MARJORIE KELLER
"31/75 ASYL" BY KURT KREN

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I met everybody who made movies in the U.S. and in Europe. They all came through New York and we'd talk together on the air—not interviews, conversations, live. I still have the tapes of all those shows. Anybody want to hear 2 hours of Jean Renoir? 4 hours of Josef von Sternberg? Marlene Dietrich or Lillian Gish? Or Pasolini, 32 hours? Or Fellini? I moved to Europe in order to be with him after my show in 1956. I ended up living in Rome and becoming a critic—and Fellini's biographer, they say. 72 hours of tape, anyone?

In fact, I think I really only began being involved in world cinema when I went (at Fellini's invitation) to Rome and was confronted, on the drive from the airport in his old Jaguar, with his crafty smile and the faked surprise when he heard I had come only for a few days: "I am sure that now you are in Rome, you will stay here. I can't imagine what you want to go and do over there."

He was right, of course, although I did go back (a year later) for a few days to New York, but only to accompany him for the opening of 8 1/2, as he said he didn't want to face the New York press alone. As soon as he found out that no New York critic would talk to him in my presence (of course, I was their competitor!) he sent me back to Rome.

And Rome and Fellini never let me go. Until that day in 1993. And that funeral . . .

© Gideon Bachmann

Bruce Baillie; filmmaker

I recall nearly falling for film when on one occasion we arrived to set up for our weekly Canyon Cinema show at Oakland College of the Arts. The janitor had locked all the doors and we were obliged to demonstrate our acquired burglar arts by breaking and entering above the stage, descending like Douglas Fairbanks via raised sets and a series of ropes. The show of course went on without a hitch, no one but our apprentices the wiser.

We were not infrequently obliged thus to sidestep the establishment, with our VW vanguard waiting on the Berkeley Fire Department's inevitable last moment arrival, transporting our audience, screen, projector, and film to an alternate mountain retreat—like Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman in Hemingway's late 30s Spain.

And the lovely outdoor theater we enjoyed in Chick Callenbach's Acton Street backyard—the creek and a little shed for our impoverished filmmaking collective.

Chairs gathered by VW from two separate mortuaries. Free bananas from my job on the San Francisco docks. And a free pass, one female and one male, to the local, now deceased, Finnish sauna, as a door prize. Wirklich, fürs Kino-gefallen!

© Bruce Baillie

James Benning; filmmaker

One afternoon in the early 1960s, I was flipping through the four channels on my television set. It was a 20-inch, b&w Muntz. Upright model. Somewhere between "American Bandstand" and "Cooking with Bretta Greene," images crossed the screen that were completely foreign to me. They changed my way of seeing and thinking. A scary experience for a boy trying to fight his way out of his late teenage years. Eight years later I bought an 8mm Bolex and tried to follow their lead. So now, almost 40 years later, I find this a good time and place to thank Maya Deren and Alexander Hammid for that enlightening and fine afternoon.

Alan Berliner; filmmaker

Because family home movies have played such an important role in several of my films, I am often asked how the presence of a movie camera in early child-hood influenced my decision to become a filmmaker.

Everyone naturally assumes that my father, the primary force behind our family chronicles, must have enjoyed putting the old 8mm Bell and Howell in my hands and talking me through my excitement, as with unflappable concentration (Keep it steady) I brought my eye to the viewfinder for the very first time (Try to put the subject in the center of the frame) and pressed the trigger (Keep your finger on the button) before recklessly panning (Not too fast now) across the field of view (Just because it's a movie camera doesn't mean you always have to move it) until the springdriven camera motor (Remember you only have 25 seconds) would cough itself to a stuttering halt (Now wind it up and try it again). All of this paternal encouragement (You're making movies.') certainly must have made an indelible mark on the impressionable young filmmaker to be.

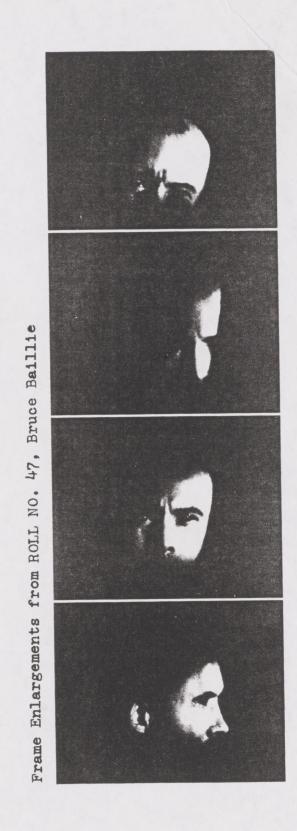
Not quite. Consider that a dream sequence.

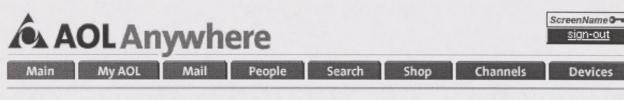
I wish I could say that there is a roll of film, or even a single shot, however technically compromised, that represents the inaugural fledgling efforts of a precocious five- or six-year-old. Something like the first



from Bruce Baillie's ROSLYN ROMANCE

77-2







Prev 10 of 11 Next Subj: Fw: ... Date: Mon, 16 Apr 2001 12:49:06 AM Eastern Daylight Time From: "Wind Baillie" <bish14@earthlink.net> "steve anker" <STEVEANKER@aol.com> "steve anker" <STEVEANKER@aol.com>

---- Original Message -----From: Wind Baillie

To: kevin C Lathrop Cc: klathrop@rcn.com

Sent: Sunday, April 15, 2001 10:16 PM

Keep As New

Subject: ...

dear Gosimer Bynin (D. Thomas): picking thru before bed some of letter written to good neighbor friend off to Montreal or Montana.

In bed most of wk, flu, better tonight it appears. Earlier, "Grant us Peace", J.S. Bach, for Easter, CBC.

Sorry you have to find yourself threading, treading the Dantian darknesses, the Divine Comedy. At least your particuar soul retains the sense to confront ... that Unknown, while most of us have managed a nearly impenitrable wall against all the mysteries. So give your heroic soul its due - perhaps the special supper you mentioned, in his/it's honor. In other words, courage mon yieux!

I've already gone that way, now it seems I am doubling back again. Ran out of time or gas a rather long while ago,

but the Gods have allowed a kind of extended lease, since the children require a dad, the neighbors

Include original text in Reply.







Forward



Book

SAN FRANCISCO CINEMATHEQUE AT THE SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

PRESENTS:



Images of Flying and Falling

Camera Obscure

Total running time: 74 min. Curated by Steve Anker, Kathy Geritz and Irina Leimbacher.

Presented in association with the Pacific Film Archive and the San Francisco Cinematheque

In this program, cinema seduces us with its capacity to simultaneously reveal and conceal, elucidate and confound.

The Dark Room In the mysterious realm of the dark room, sea and shore join and part, expand and contract. (Minyong Jang, USA 2001, 4 min.)

Skate We skate through scratches and over the peeling skin of film in this handmade contemplation of surface and depth. (Cade Bursell, USA 2001. 5 min.)

The Fourth Watch Film and video beautifully intertwine as an old tin dollhouse is haunted by uncanny figures from cinema's silent era. (Janie Geiser, USA 2000, 10 min.)

Elsa Kirk Collage artist Lewis Klahr enigmatically construes a single day in a woman's life, combining found photographs and cryptic abstractions. (Lewis Klahr, USA 1999, 5 min.)

Angel Beach Young beachgoers from the early 1970s are reanimated with new life and vibrancy, triggering an exuberant dance as found 3D images are compressed into a two-dimensional cinematic space.

City Opera Rhythmic flows of color and shape reverberate in this sensual glimpse of a reflected and refracted San Francisco. (Jim Jennings, USA 2000, 8 min.)

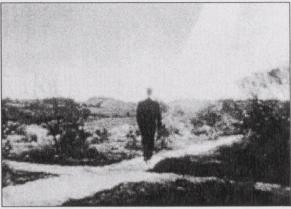
Images of Flying and Falling Certificate of Merit, New Visions—Film. The desire to resurrect people we've lost through collecting discarded family albums and forgotten postcards is hauntingly explored as the filmmaker mourns the irrevocable loss of her own grandmother. (Ariana Gerstein-McCollum, USA 2000, 25 min.)

—Irina Leimbacher & Kathy Geritz

CAMERA OBSCURE:
TUESDAY, APRIL 12TH AT 7 PM
PACIFIC FILM ARCHIVE
2725 BANCROFT, BERKELEY

and

THURSDAY, APRIL 26TH AT 9:45 PM AMC KABUKI 1881 POST (AT FILLMORE)



Decodings

San Francisco Cinematheque: 40 Years in Focus

Total running time: 90 min.

SAN FRANCISCO CINEMATHEQUE: MEL NOVIKOFF AWARD

Celebrate the 40th anniversary of the San Francisco Cinematheque with a program of work made by filmmakers who were instrumental in the organization's history. This selection focuses on the kind of films which inspired Cinematheque's inception. Cinematheque staff members past and present will be on hand.

 $\textbf{Castro Street} \ A \ tapestry \ of \ industrial \ rhythms. \ (Bruce \ Baillie, \ USA \ 1966, 3 \ min.)$

Waterfall A paean to swimming movie actresses. (Chick Strand, USA 1967, 3 min.)

Mothlight A vibrant organic collage. (Stan Brakhage, USA 1963, 4 min.)

I Change, I Am the Same $\,$ A cross-dressing fantasy. (Anne Severson, USA 1969, 1 min.)

Orb An animation of celestial delights. (Lawrence Jordan, USA 1973, 5 min.) **Together** A portrait of James Broughton. (James Broughton, Joel Singer, USA 1976, 3 min.)

Wild Night in El Reno $\rm An\ homage\ to\ Oklahoma\ weather.}$ (George Kuchar, USA 1977, 6 min.)

Field Study #2 A playful sound/image conundrum. (Gunvor Nelson, USA 1988, 8 min.)

I'll Walk with God A strangely uplifting film. (Scott Stark, USA 1994, 8 min.)

kemia A mesmerizingly beautiful film. (silt, USA 1994, 8 min.)

Chronicles of a Lying Spirit (by Kelly Gabron) A biting faux autobiography. (Cauleen Smith, USA 1992, 8 min.)

 $\textbf{Decodings}\ A$ dark tale of sexual awakening. (Michael Wallin, USA 1988, 15 min.)

Receiving Sally A haunting reflection on aging. (Erin Sax, USA 1993, 6 min.)

-Steve Anker

40 YEARS IN FOCUS: SUNDAY, APRIL 29TH AT 7:15 PM AMC Kabuki 1881 POST (AT FILLMORE)

SAN FRANCISCO CINEMATHEQUE: 415-822-2885

must have their nemesis, accounts receivable their quota.

So I sit around, mostly in bed, waiting on the list (for sainthood) and/or awaiting Edna st. Milay's (sp) black carriage out front - preferable I might say to

the Sheriff's green Chevy.

One wonders - "what the neighbors think/do" re the current patriotic fervor. It was in former glories they who flew the yellow pennants; now, since the trial (where I was established in that particular posture), no flags, no ribbons. Have we removed their only vox? I for one hope not. It was never my intent, as they say, to appropriate this final frontier. I can easily do without it - only borrowed, temporary, I say. Only a lark whilst awaiting that awesome fellow in the black Italian leather shoes.

By the way, one night in clarity of mind I analized D 's passion for persecution, giving it a place that parallels early New Testiment Paul - the infamous

pre-Paulian persecutions.

It is of course only one of numerous human psychological tendencies, sometimes emphasized in certain people, either temporarily, or a lifelong characteristic. Oddly, I too share this characteristic to some degree with my fanatical neighbor who compiles the ultimate file against me, day by day (it will be loaded at that final moment into the carriage along with other last minute paraphenalia, artifacts, archives, etc. - a last tuna sand. wrapped neatly in foil by Ms. L. The Great Book of Offenses from D

. And a kiss one hopes from the children lining the street. Perhaps a banner or flag of some locally unfamiliar origin to cover the waiting sarcophagous). If you should happen to be there, at the right time, please throw in some flowers and a T.S.

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Camera Obscure

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Decodings

San Francisco Cinematheque: 40 Years in Focus

Total running time: 90 min

SAN FRANCISCO CINEMATHEQUE: MEL NOVIKOFF AWARD

Celebrate the 40th anniversary of the San Francisco Cinematheque with a program of work made by filmmakers who were instrumental in the organization's history. This selection focuses on the kind of films which inspired Cinematheque's inception. Cinematheque staff members past and present will be on hand.

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Receiving Sally A haunting reflection on aging. (Erin Sax, USA 1993, 6 min.)

—Steve Anker

40 YEARS IN FOCUS: SUNDAY, APRIL 29TH AT 7:15 PM AMC Kabuki 1881 POST (AT FILLMORE)

SAN FRANCISCO CINEMATHEQUE: 415-822-2885

Elliot. Thanks. Sincerely,

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SAN FRANCISCO CINEMATHEQUE AT THE SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

PRESENTS:



Images of Flying and Falling

Camera Obscure

Total running time: 74 min. Curated by Steve Anker, Kathy Geritz and Irina Leimbacher.

Presented in association with the Pacific Film Archive and the San Francisco Cinematheque

In this program, cinema seduces us with its capacity to simultaneously reveal and conceal, elucidate and confound.

The Dark Room In the mysterious realm of the dark room, sea and shore join and part, expand and contract. (Minyong Jang, USA 2001, 4 min.)

Skate We skate through scratches and over the peeling skin of film in this handmade contemplation of surface and depth. (Cade Bursell, USA 2001, 5 min.)

The Fourth Watch Film and video beautifully intertwine as an old tin dollhouse is haunted by uncanny figures from cinema's silent era. (Janie Geiser, USA 2000, $10 \, \text{min.}$)

Elsa Kirk Collage artist Lewis Klahr enigmatically construes a single day in a woman's life, combining found photographs and cryptic abstractions. (Lewis Klahr, USA 1999, 5 min.)

Angel Beach Young beachgoers from the early 1970s are reanimated with new life and vibrancy, triggering an exuberant dance as found 3D images are compressed into a two-dimensional cinematic space.

City Opera Rhythmic flows of color and shape reverberate in this sensual glimpse of a reflected and refracted San Francisco. (Jim Jennings, USA 2000, 8 min.)

Images of Flying and Falling *Certificate of Merit, New Visions—Film.* The desire to resurrect people we've lost through collecting discarded family albums and forgotten postcards is hauntingly explored as the filmmaker mourns the irrevocable loss of her own grandmother. (Ariana Gerstein-McCollum, USA 2000, 25 min.)

-Irina Leimbacher & Kathy Geritz

CAMERA OBSCURE:

TUESDAY, APRIL 12TH AT 7 PM
PACIFIC FILM ARCHIVE
2725 BANCROFT, BERKELEY

and

THURSDAY, APRIL 26TH AT 9:45 PM AMC KABUKI 1881 POST (AT FILLMORE)



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 $\begin{tabular}{ll} \textbf{Castro Street} A tapestry of industrial rhythms. (Bruce Baillie, USA 1966, 3 min.) \end{tabular}$

Waterfall A paean to swimming movie actresses. (Chick Strand, USA 1967, 3 min.)

Mothlight A vibrant organic collage. (Stan Brakhage, USA 1963, 4 min.)

I Change, I Am the Same $\,$ A cross-dressing fantasy. (Anne Severson, USA 1969, $\,$ 1 min.)

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SAN FRANCISCO CINEMATHEQUE: 415-822-2885

TO BRUCE BAILLIE

1st week Jan., 1969

Dear Bruce.

For years I have been planning to use the footage of yr. newsreel film of "Brakhage leaving S.F." in my autobiographical work "The Book of The Film." Yesterday morning, while searching out material for the '1st chapter' ("Scenes From Under Childhood") of that work, I came across yr. film—looked at it carefully...; later I said to Jane: "You know, I think I'll leave Baillie's film intact in 'The Book'... even when Baillie fails to—well, achieve clear balance (what you might call 'Art'), he DOES manage such a forcefully clear statement...statement of visual-fact language, say... that it seems impossible, to me, to break it up—even verbally, let alone to reorder/translate his images: I'll just have to find my most meaningful setting for his whole piece within 'The Book', and let it go at that."

Well, it'll probably be years before I get to the chapter of "The Book of The Film" where this decision will apply, if it does; but by that evening, yesterday evening. I was up against another visual fact-state of yours, that film gift you sent in a can marked "Show Leader" (also marked "Poison," with a scattering of other markings, numbers, etc.) and shaken to the very roots of my being by the overwhelming power of this filmice (yes, the pun is right—cold crystalline surety that prompted my unconscious to add an "e" to filmic... and the other pun, too, "mice," hones in as express of those scurrying greys within which yr. frost-scapes - Apollo, the mouse-god, dominates my mind's reception of this theme in yr. work). I had not been in any hurry to look at it, as the marking on the can made me think it was the "Show Leader" of yrself bathing happily naked in a stream, turning to the camera and saying "Hi," "Hello!", whatever as you wave to the lens, the picture-take; and thus, thinking I had seen the film many times, I was simply waiting for a good opportunity to show it to Jane. Can you imagine my surprise when the film you did send unrolled before my eyes? I almost passed out. Well, this film piece of yrs. - one of the most powerful visual statements I've ever seen - prompts this letter from me... moves me to give you back literally, in my most UNhesitant language, some express of all those feelings I've been having, in my worrying, abt. you, yr. illness, yr. total living situation (since I visited you a couple months ago)—and to risk this outpouring of language even tho' I may be utterly mistaken: (I have been mistaken abt. you, yr. work, before, you know; and I have refused to ever judge a film contest again principally be CAUSE I mis-judged vr. "To Parsifal" in that L.A. film fest. years ago...wrote you a letter at the time, if you remember, torturing the question of its aesthetics—that beautiful film which

means more and more to me, now, every viewing: timidity because of this gross error years ago has caused me to bite-my-tongue, and typewriter keys, in addressing you these many months now): but *now* I *must* write you what I feel/think...only hoping to be helpful to you—and trusting your strength to resist whatever, of this, may be stupidity on my part:

At beginning of this film-piece -which, I assume, is from "Feet Fear," as the total image-feeling is kin to those previous sections I saw in Kalamazoo-... at beginning, then, you assume the mask of that lordly drunk, weather and alcohol seam/sear-scarred face, near end of "Quixote"...you stare into the lens, which becomes your mirror, in a series of gestures and movements which almost exactly parody those of, say, a young woman preening before her glass to assure self of the appropriateness of a new hat, mask, dress, whatever-it is a terrifying series of metaphorical movements: the glass (the camera's wide angle image) is snuffed out (and I immediately recalled how you would, did constantly, avert your eyes from mine in our last meeting); but the continuity metaphor is that the glass breaks up into a series of sea-waves, dissolve then of foam into what is surely your totem animal (all thru yr. work): the sea-gull... flights of sea-gulls, then singular gull, then falling star (spot of street light, actually) which evokes the quarter moon in its passage - the clouds tearing at even this rind of some full circular moon: and the following series of shots carries this metaphor thru in terms of shadow block between/twixt the camera lens and its imaging the sea...shadows of houses (or house-like structures) and then finally the sharply clear, indifferent-(seeming) profile of a man/ (woman?)—no, most surely a man (is this Paul Tully?) eating, drinking then the spot of light on his glasses fixing the (previously felled) star at moon's (previous) place... his total profile blocking view's passage to the sea: (is it that Tully, or someONE, then, both blocks your sea-life, your gull-flight, while yet serving to stop your Fall at moon's phase?: : and, if so, considerdoes he save you from death (or that loneliness/death's-life-symptom your singular gull evokes)?...or does he keep you from going THRU some deathconsciousness (acceptance of loneliness) to/re(newed) LIFE, your resurrection (as is the blessing of Totem Worship, when followed THRU)?

My first terror at your situation came from a comment on the tape (sent to Kalamazoo) suggesting your desire—and I quote—"to go beyond Art"...: this, for an artist, is tantamount to saying: "I want to die!" Religion (ANY Religion in this century's time) does act on Western sensibility ALWAYS in terms of "Beyond": (and, as such, is as clear a blasphemy of the tradition of god worship as is, for instance, "Xmas"—spelled every year more & more that way—a black mass of the celebration of Christ's birth): AND, as such, "Religion" has proved THE most destructive force against artist sensibility—has, in all my experience, tended to tear The Artist schizophrenically apart

(schizo-phrenic: :broken hearted)... Maya Deren, her Voodoon 'beyondness'... Vanderbeek, his god of technology—the 'beyondness' the term 'communication' can ONLY mean to an artist sensibility—: perhaps the clearest track of this destruct-impulse in contemporary western art sensibility is mapped in Parker Tyler's magnificent biography of the painter Tchelitchew: "The Divine Comedy of Pavel Tchelitchew"; Tchelitchew up against Heaven 'beyond' geometry, beyond the spaces between geometrical creativity, beyond creative evocation... and THAT after having slogged his way masterfully thru Hell AND Purgatory—most only manage Hell, even as 'beyondness' (say, Artaud) in our time.

And I am, in all honesty, fiercely ANGRY at the wastage these Romanticisms (this 19th century "neuresthenic dark of the Circe-world and its Helllike cul-de-sac," as Davenport puts it)—the wastage these devil's tricks of the romance of madness, illness, drugs...the wastages this trap effects in 20th century sense-ability/response-ability to Life-: and I am angry too at the particulars of the form of it you, Bruce, seem to me to be inflicting upon yourself-the Tibetanzen-Orient-a-shun drift be-von-(east)-der TACK vr. tape comments seem to suggest you are taking . . .: and I am angry at the UNreality-(Be-seeming to me) of your Ducks, the neurosis of your Dogs-the fact that I can't even remember whether you have a cat or not (and Cat is my Totem animal, you know)... and that your horses (which DO seem to me, from that visit, to have real touch with you, your ground, etc.) move in the mind as, and ONLY as, in a Dream Of, etc. -: and I am even annoyed at yours/Tullys weighted/(EMphasized) Southwestern drawl (and I have an ear for that lingo at source) . . . : am angry because I could NOT seem to get in even brief eve touch with any tangibility of you on your farm during that visit—all as if in a shift of eyes, scenes, animal stances, verbal postures (and I do, you know, live on something like a farm myself, surrounded by winds-of-the-sea, sea sounding right now, animals, spaces fixing some distances, etc. and whatever verbal provincialism blows my way...am not, thus, at odds with the air of country retreat, etc.) -: and I am mostly angry that I cannot even determine whether or not illness weakens the believability of your being, whether your sickness is the major mover of your scenic environs, or whether it is the other way round... whether, perhaps, the Set-to of your circumstances does force (continuing) illness upon you -does force you to assume the mask of (thus propagating the very real) illness.

The triumph of your ART, as I see it, does convince me of the latter of the two above possibilities: and, thus, the film piece you sent convinces me to risk the terrible presumptuousness of this letter in spilling out all my worst fears since our last meeting—the WORST fear being...: fear of that most dangerous self-indulgence which love-of-death IS: I fear it in myself and thus abhor it

in others: (I, too, did toy with the suicide of myself in the make of "Anticipation of the Night"- and insistence on the actual Dream thereof, that selfindulgence of Posture, making presently a Past Statuesque of oneself, did mar the ending of that film... as you should know; and I did again perform such colossal selfishness during one whole summer in midst of editing "The Dead"-tho', thankfully, didn't edit until I was fully well again and could, therefore, salvage out-going/growing sensibility from the experience):... well-try to cut thru all this verbiage, the garbled struggles against my timidity (my other fear of misunderstand/interfering with your life, your work), to the simplest meaning of this letter: it is a GET WELL card... albeit fraught with the perils of advice - advice which is fashioned out of my own limited experiences (inadequate, thus, to even meet the contingencies of my coming life, let alone yours, dear friend - ah, how I wish you were more my friend, that I knew you better, that I did not have to so-much guess at your being in this attempt to help you -I do not know if you even need, let alone want, my advice . . . : yet, surely, you DO want at least my views - what more direct appeal could there BE, to me, than that of the incredible film-piece you sent? -: and, as filmmaker then (where I'm surely on firmer ground for response). I can state that film-piece — magnificent as it is in its terrifying power — does absolutely need a counter-balance measure...of some equal power prompted by life-giving forces...to qualify its part, of whatever whole, as being something more than Posure - that particularity of Drama which, say, Selfish-Play/Masterbation is: (Orpheus must not believe in the Games of Hell...let him, rather like Gluck's Orfeo turn to Amor to restore his wife/life - or at least let him seek Persephone rather than Circe in those dark regions): let the 'verse' of my GET WELL card be Wittgenstein's:

"In brief, the world must thereby become quite another. It must so to speak wax or wane as a whole.

"The world of the happy is quite another than that of the unhappy.

"As in death, too, the world does not change, but ceases.

"Death is not an event of life. Death is not lived through.

"If by eternity is understood not endless temporal duration but timelessness, then he lives eternally who lives in the present.

"Our life is endless in the way that our visual field is without limit."

(from "Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus")

Even in writing 'as film-maker,' I can be quite wrong (as I once was, as judge, of your "To Parsifal")—my danger is, perhaps, some tendency to make a god...a 'beyond'...of Art...: if I have misunderstood—please forgive me these, then, presumptions; and correct me apropos the following:

the simplest part of your message seems to be that this "Anthology Cinema"

too much for you to take on at this time - that you have accepted that position aly out of your willingness, as always, to do everything you can to be of help to hers...your counter-balancing selflessness that, often with you, overctends yourself to meet the needs of whomever: I think you have your hands ad your FEET-FEAR FULL, at the moment; and I am going to move to 'let you If the hook' of this coming N.Y. stress-session (as I would have at Kalamazoo, o, if I'd known how difficult that trip was for you to consider). As I suggested ou, in the first place (thus got you into this additional strain on your capacies), I'll take the responsibility of insisting that Broughton be the "west coast presentative" until such time as you ASK to be consulted and included in ese matters; and I'll risk this (perhaps further presumption) because I'm raid your reluctance to disappoint anyone's request-that beautiful graciisness of yours-is among your worst enemies at the moment...in that oughtfulness of the needs of others may act to distract you from some mucheeded kindness-to-self (quite an opposite from self-indulgence). Anyway, ou can let me know if I err here by simply insisting on being included in that eb. gathering: thus I, who did the first insisting that you BE the "west coast presentative" now veto that recommendation and, thereby, leave the matter ore surely in your hands, in the future.

Jan. 15, 1969

ear Bruce,

What a relief / yr. letter of assurances: I feel 'in touch' with you again; and, ore importantly, I feel yr. clear sensitivity to yrSELF: in midst reading the tter, Jane said: "Oh!...I like him!"; and, as we talked about it later, she ecified her admiration thus: "...that Bruce does get to 'the heart of the atter' immediately—and that he takes what he can USE of your letter and, en, leaves you free of any responsibility for the rest of it."

Okay—so...: I'm honored to be yr. "theatre": and it is of great help to me, I'm right now in midst one heaven-of-a period of transition—MUST ticulate!... thus cut all possible 'cackle' out of the work process: sharing th you something of your developing vision (which is SURPRISINGLY yet turally/of-course along the same lines) suddenly like having TWO eyes for anning the landshape instead of one: and I'll keep coming back at you as t/blunt as I'm able—so that we don't run any danger, in this exchange, of a pth-cage, INflu, and/or the complexities of perspectacles (i.e.: so that you n't come to think of me as your glasses into The Renaissance, western ltch-klatch or somesuch...I mean, I do wax a little wan/aesthetical metimes—but By Zantium!, I'll try to keep the talk flat as a movie screen and aight as a beam of light, spreading OUT/TO focus!)

Okay, THEN/now: your latest section appears transitional-beautifully thus...as in daily living (you know: :like eating, walking: but, more specifi cally, the hesitancies of the finger, the hand poised as thought's tool over something other than the food, or as stomach's extension then to crack a nut, the foot pause, etc.); but it also unreels like a drum roll-at first a muffled beat, drawn from these hesitant movements, and then with the solidity of the walking: this underscores the whole with an ominous feeling... at first eerie, in contradiction to the catch of colored light on food, the quietude of the table top, and then later fortified by the grays and blacks and molten shapes of rock and the more absolute rythmn of walking and working thru to a martialed, almost rat-tat-tat (as the rythmns at frames' edge begin to show, as they DO when the central image looses clutter of rock, and its heaviness of beat, in the overall texture of sand), as you walk onto the beach): (I wonder why I add "n" to "rythm" in my spell of it above? . . . : maybe I'm trying, thereby, to add some semblance of a quality of the pulse you've got into this section - some dragging hummmm, maybe?—ah, yes!, something like the quality of smoothness of, say, the photographed walking: how DID you achieve that technical virtuosity?...: it is, yes, walking; but it is as if a thousand pounds of, yes, organism were ambulating across the surface of the moon). Dramatically, this (Sec. #43) creates that kind of tension which often haunts human living — all is well, bathed in a good light (sun, in this case, but sometimes of a quality of cozy electric or contained fire light)... the happenstance and occurences calm and common to daily experience-yet over all a quality of foreboding dread begins to build inexorably (and inexplicably in these circumstances) thru each moment of living, making seconds merge into some momentum as small waves do into the whole pull of the river approaching Falls: the most frightening (and lastingly memorable) haunts, of this type, in my living are those which pass away as mysteriously as they came (thus giving no climax/sense, thereby, of what was fore-boded): I await eagerly your next reel-in a way like I used to await next Saturday's chapter of the movie serial...only MORE thus beCAUSE the adventure of your film is of the world as I daily experience itrather than that world of the imagination as I fancy it.

I'll return your two rolls today (with some reluctance selfishly, I might add—it's so good to have something specific of you in this house... and I'll repeat my request we swap some film prints for keeps—tho' maybe this film-in-progress is, by the so-far looks of it, the one I ought to wait-for). I wish I could send you some of my work-in-progress, of the moment; but it is all tangled up in ABC rolls: once each string of it weaves its way into the total basket, even I can't see it until it is printed. Wait!... maybe I can send you the completed section of "Scenes From Under Childhood" (it is Section #2 I'm now working on)—I'll let you know in a couple days. Anyway, it is close to your work (& now, & from now on, as 'in touch' as I am): and one of the most exciting approximations in

this involvement with the-scene-as-photographed, relatively free of Edit's Intellect and/or the SUPERimposition of the process of memory upon each instant of living: you, as I, seem to be taking strong advantage of film's most unique possibility - preservation of the track of light in the field of vision (thus the each move of the visionary) at the/each instant of photographing: I now find myself solidly see-er of my photography, rather than Editor thereOF it: but this inspiration - in the work process - exists in the incredible tension of my feeling an equal need to let Memory COLOR each unedited light track... via "B" and "C" rolls generally... and SHAPE both objects and spaces... by way of compounding pics./spaces, rather than superimposing upon them-again BC stuffing mostly: sometimes I even compress, by additives; and I do, then, tremble on the edge of superimposition: and, let's face it, sometimes I still just-plain-superimpose, as always, also: but the general DRIVE is one in honor of the moment of photography, so that there's very little shifting of the orders of shots within a sequence, and very little cutting of lengths of shot either. Actually, I've worked (more subconsciously) in this area of direction many times before ("Desistfilm"-THAT far back-"Daybreak & Whiteye," "Films by S. B.," the "T. V. Concretes," many "Songs" and many sequences of 'Scenes From Under Childhood," Sec. #1): and it's coming to seem to me that "Scenes From Under Childhood" on its primary visual level IS a track of the evolution of SIGHT: thus its images flash out of blanks of color, thru fantastic distorts/twists of forms and orders (those fantasies wherein one imagines oneself: even suggesting those "pre-natal fantasies" wherein Freud, to his dispair, finally found that unanalysable nest hatching all basic neurosis), space/shape absolutely dominated by the rhythms of inner physiology, then shaking like jellied masses at first encounters with outers, the beginning of The Dance, shattering OUT of even memory's grip thru TO some exactitude of sight/light...FROM, as Pound puts it: "Eyeless that was, a shade, that is in hell": thru: "Light lights in the air": TO, at least: "'as the sculptor sees the form in the air.../'as glass seen under water'":

and saw the waves taking form as crystal, notes as facets of air, and the mind there, before them, moving, so that notes needed not move.

(from The Cantos)

... and evoking Pound minds me of "The Anthology Cinema," which does very directly tie-in with all these my currents of creation... (I mean aside from your being in N.Y. in Feb.—since Broughton forwarded your note, I've decided to take your original word for it, viz: that you want to come: and that I may or may not see you there in Feb...okay?): that this "tension" is part and

parboil of the whole Western soup-that "realism" (rounding of shapes in space) which Giotto gets blue ribbon for and/or versus that flat-hatch of history/memory-'s compounds the Sienese (Sassetta at best, first, for me) carry on out of the so-called "Dark" (pre-natal) "Ages," etc.: those who seem (within this tradition) to solve and resolve it within themselves/their work, like Fra Filippo Lippi, DON'T seem to get noticed for that accomplishment (the world wouldn't probably remember him if he hadn't been such a naughty monk and got writ-up by Browning): it's as if The West, insistent upon some joust or continual box match, hadn't time for The Dance: and the U.S., all See-uneasy bent, at the moment (right-wingers abt. to fling Wyeth at Warhol, or West Coast at East ONLY via "The Figure," etc.), overlooks the whole Dance of American Art, betting on Ryder out of all proportion, on the one hand, and Currier and Ives on the other: (this drive in U. S. -to have art as a sport in the European sense - once drove Washington Allston into Frenhofer's corner...: he worked 35 years on one painting unfinished at death which, when unveiled, was proclaimed a mass of nothing...drove Morse-who had a BEAUTIFUI resolve in his painting - OUT of art and into invention of the telegraph... and drove the whole Hudson River School into that same obscurity of social regard P. Adams would like to dump D. W. Griffith into-and for the same reasons: :the feeling of "cornballness" American viewers associate when confronted with their own grandeur-each ring of provincialism terrifying U.S.ns we've strayed too far from Mamma, Europa, DaDa, etc...: thus lower east N.Y. provincialism passes this prejudice as smartly as any import will-it having been brought over almost piecemeal from DaDa's turn-of-the-cent dinner table): well, (aside from this Atlantic spat... and no wonder the west coast wants to drift off and join The Orient), we've got the "agenbite of inwit" schemmmin' & schaunnnnen' within U. S., too: and the line grows thick" (degenerate, as Pound sees it) out of the 13th century push of, say, Winslow Homer, beyond all proportion, until you get to the fragments of the line-what the line is, finally, made-up-OF/pointillism-crystalline-space-tracks, the interior world where lines are - as IS their only existence - imagined; but what holds true (to physiology) there to, say, Jackson Pollock does ALSO hold true for any several-inch section of Andrew Wyeth...: HooRAH!, as I see it, we've, U.S.ns, taken on the whole thick line at source—and naturally, thru the whole history . . . (heaven, hell too, help me SEE that whole Main-betwixt the X-streams-Street; and help me be Seer of it as tracked naturally with camera so that it can be/MOVE across my work table thoughtfully): and may we at least Purgate our way thru SOME sense of film's history of it and, thereby, better shape The Anthology Cinema.

With that prayer I'll end this (perhaps too much historial/terical) fuss \ldots and extend —

Blessings

Feb. 2, 1969

Dear Bruce.

Well!... the 25 ft. of yr. roll 46 and the full 47 contain as perfect a weave of netaphorical harmony and supportive color tonality I've ever seen in film—and they have to, in order to carry the dramatic weight of yr. Uncle-Sam-like nask against the textures of the beach: you'd never 'get away with' that 3 andmaster, this side of Surrealism, unless he operated in as tight a knit as you've composed for him...: but he(you?) is not Surreal—that's the miracle—nor the metaphors dramatically obvious, either.

First, you've an over-exposed - yet carrying yellow - beach piece upper left rame, answered/echoed by the dark blue rock-patch lower right...and in between?: a black chasm which seems to be seen thru white mist—the 'bleed' of beachlight, yet also evokes, or visses, green in some eye-expectancy tension between the yellow & blue. A man shadow begins its move across the beach Diece: and into this prepared space you thrust the ghost white mask of Unc Sam n red band-master costume complete with gold braids, etc: (so prepared IS his space that I took the 'entrance' as a dissolve first several times viewing): he ephemeral white-over-black has reached, thus, and solidified over blueplack rock: the red coat answers green-under-black of chasm in a harmonic clash comparable to over-yellow & under-blue; and the gold braids & buttons shift us to the glints of textured sand just as the whiteface leads to the following oam-wash in a by-play still of the opening theme...over-yellow & underolue-now played out as sand whitened over with sea foam AND dark-blue of vater emerging in each backwash of foam: and the footprints are, of course, the peach at its most yellowish, echoing both the pizzicato of buttons AND some lrift of the original diagonal chasm: and all finally moves, then, into a shimmer of grains, as in 'closed-eye-vision' and cuts with a chunk of over-yellow and, hen yes, under-blue rock-drop. But Sam still 'sticks OUT,' does he not? -tho he mind has to rack back over the events to catch him...

... you resolve that, next roll, beautifully, starting with an electrick sunset a bulb so photographed—in reflection?)—as to stand for electric-light/sunset synonymously... then a pan up the features of the mask transformed by the rellow bulb light and close-up textures as to echo the sand shots—but more, at east at first, to be-seem a landscape painting (for such a sun to set in), past lips which settle it as mask but also, wonderfully, echo-in-shape the sun-bulb-set AND give us the red of some-such, as wld the sun—were it such), then settle in mask's eye (in a shot exactly evoking Mt. Rushmore's Lincoln): then you shift along a line of yet deeper-red lines...still sinking yr. sun, as I take it... intil block-white, echoing Sam's hat, fills frame except for the tiny grey idol, ill backed by white sky, of a lovely girl—the full haunt of remembrance-photo

grips all thought here... would pitch over into sentimentality except that you move, then, along a line of silver verticals (utensils) intersperced with, yes, red verticals and an echo-of-pix white-block (measuring cup): this shift to verticals roots the gray upstanding figure of the girl almost subliminally in mind: yellow-brown and wood-waved wall backs this continuing pan of kitchen utensils, carrying on the sand-and-water theme as surely as the white window-block you come to carries on pic./cup theme...(other colors coming in, now: but even outsides green, thru window, ONLY after introduced by a flower pot, etc: finally you stop this pan when you get a resolve of horizontal and vertical reds in an egg shaped fuzzy mass of red yarn backed by the dried rain-drops of the window-shift diagonally over yellow and then down wood's wavy grain to (what looks like) the remains of the supper you'd been having earlier (1st roll you sent me), picking up silver verticals, now, wherever you can, all the way . . . even leaving in a light-struck frame - as it fell, magically for you, in vert-streaks over first picture of yourself in mirror, wherein yr. ruddish face becomes the sunset (in a near perfect balance of red & yellow) struggling against the encroaching dark of vr. own movements.

hi! note to say my Romane

Intro. done. 18 min. Canyon

will have print mid June

approx. Could you glow look

wito good premise shorting for it?

Atranks. fore. Bruce B.

From: Steve Polta <stevepolta@yahoo.com>

To: <polta@sfcinematheque.org>

Date: Wednesday, April 10, 2002 10:28 AM

Subject: Fwd: Tentative review: Here I Am, by Bruce Baillie

--- konrad <konrad@PANIX.COM> wrote: Tue, 9 Apr 2002 19:28:26 -0400 > Reply-to: Experimental Film Discussion List > <FRAMEWORKS@LISTSERV.AOL.COM> konrad <konrad@PANIX.COM> > Subject: Tentative review: Here I Am, by Bruce > Baillie FRAMEWORKS@LISTSERV.AOL.COM > "Here I Am" (b/w sound 16mm 11min 1962) is the most > film i have seen in the last several years. This > at the recent Canyon Cinema restropective programmed > by the > SF Cinematheque hosted at the SFMoMA. Nothing > happens in > this film while something is going on, in both > senses of > that phrase. > The film is a portrait of a day-care center for > emotionally > disturbed children in Oakland, CA. It was not > released > until recently. According to Steve Anker, Baillie > thought of it as part of his body of work, since it > commissioned piece. But it is so lovingly composed > sensuous and spacious that it clearly belongs with > his other > more personal works, his fantasies, documentaries > and > portraits. > The opening consists of looking up out a car window > foggy sky as each moving shot reveals little by > little more > of the trees and rooftops on the winding road to > wherever it > is we're headed. > The first scene shows a young girl swinging by > herself, then > up at the chains of the swing linked both to the > crosspole > and the now cleared sky. Then back to her standing

> next to

from

Konrad

Steiner

- > the swing for an extended medium shot. You notice
- > maybe a
- > bandage on her arm, but it's tied to her belt. Then
- > another
- > shot of the swingseat maybe or the ground around the
- > swing
- > -- i'm not remembering it well now. Then a close-up
- > of her
- > squinting (pained?) face. Then a shot from her left
- > in
- > profile, as you can make out the unseen, leashed
- > (not
- > bandaged after all) right hand swing up as she tries
- > to
- > strike at herself. This unfolding takes about 3
- > minutes,
- > and all you hear is some music to the opening shots
- > and then
- > birds chirping as you arrive at the Center. You
- > will now be
- > with this film knowing there's more than meets the
- > eye at
- > every turn in this place. The film is humbling
- > itself in
- > that way.
- >
- > Most (all?) of it is shot from a child's view's
- > level, such
- > that you don't see the adults' heads if they are too
- > close
- > to the camera. There is no 'looking down' on these
- > people
- > here. There is no voiceover nor music while at the
- > school
- > to guide you during your visit.
- >
- > There are scenes and little mini portraits that take
- > place
- > inside and outside the rooms of the school, which is
- > situated on a grassy hillside. Long takes of a
- > quietly
- > working or watching child suddenly erupt in a loud
- > burst of
- > emotion. Then there is a flurry and a comforting or
- > distraction from someone else, and then back to
- > other
- > activities. The scenes move outdoors. The sandbox
- > constructions and destructions of solitary girl are
- > intercut
- > in a montage of other kids' playing and shouting.
- > All the
- > sound is in the background, except for a few
- > snatches you
- > can make out. The words are there for texture and
- > presence,
- > and do function like the best in 'movie music' to
- > lend an
- > emotional atmosphere to the images as well as create
- > a kind
- > of realism in the image, which draws you closer.

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> Finally the montage evolves into wider shots of the
> kids and
> adults all running around the yard playing tag or
> just
> screaming and laughing, chasing each other. The
> music fades
> back in and the images descend back down into the
> foggy land
> of trees and roofs again.
> The scenes are not romanticized, the life and work
> not glamorized, and no one becomes a 'star' in the
> The delicacy and care with which Baillie handles the
> situation continues to amaze me.
> The film is for rent from Canyon Cinema for $35.
> http://www.canyoncinema.com/rentsale.html
> konrad
> ^Z
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> For info on FrameWorks, contact Pip Chodorov at > <PipChod@aol.com>.

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12 - 22 - 90 Dan Steve - pany Christmes to you or your freids -though this will probably arrive ofter Deres some material - The 2 Moreus are not next copies, but rendable. I wish I had an original Brut of Wind, our doughter, to indude (see zerox on P. Julley's P.38 polm). Ill copy some of the catalogue notes here, sorry its by for hand, I don't I have a handly Copy, town leng 10 miles (

and should days off, snowy rvads, etc. The R38 Pilot, 15 min., (this 34" copy is from a good quelity We VHS copy off my S-VHS moster. I not good smoogh , there is time, I can Berlager gote Obygia, 130 miles South + do a S-VHS >> 34" copy, aluch bre ben plang Te do me they put in a S-VHS set-mp). 12-26 D gross Ide lette try a type the film notes

(poss. for your program systes): p.5. In leg = to horle on the sest perhaps last piece, a long sort of wides mod" - if I can get Iwoh of a camera. Due already put 1's yz. Forte it, called, My Summer Garden" - my own "City of God" (Angustue). See yaga-Bruce B.

Steve Anker SF Cinematheque P.O. Box 880338 San Francisco, CA 94188-0338

Dear Steve,

Just wanted to congratulate you on what struck me as a very successful weekend of Canyon Cinema-related events. I thought the panel discussion was particularly enlightening -- it certainly helped me place Bruce in a social, as well as cultural, context.

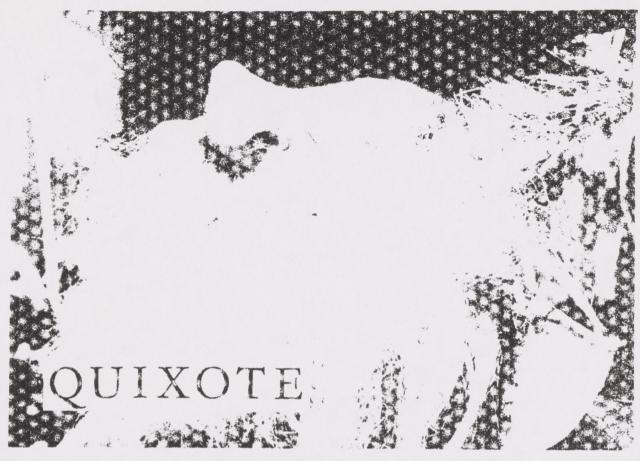
I hope Roger Teich and I can keep in touch with you about our documentary project. The struggle, as you know, is never one of desire, but of money. As in the feature film world I spend most of my time in, producers deny that it can be made until you go out and prove them wrong.

Thanks again for being so accommodating. Hope to speak with you again.

Warm Regards,

Sean K. Smith

2221 Park Drive Los Angeles, CA 90026 323-663-3604 smithkeeny@earthlink.net



PREMIER WEST COAST SHOWINGS:

MIDNIGHT. THE CINEMA, BERKELEY

11-26 - 27 GATE THEATER, SAUSALITO

11-28 MENDOCINO ART CENTER, MENDOCINO 12-3 INTERSECTION, 150 ELLIS, SAN FRANCISCO 12-4 THE BARN, SANTA CRUZ

SF STATE COLLEGE 12-

12-10 U. OF CALIF., DAVIS - 198 PHYS. SC.

12-11 MIDNIGHT, CINEMA THEATRE, LOS ANGELES

A NEW FILM BY



"... and a kind of accidental victory now and then. Eating oranges, spitting in motel wastebaskets or out the car window, year after year place after place - my seed left on the Nevada desert, left out of time."

- from notes on the road, shooting and recording the material for QUIXOTE between September, 1964 and March, 1965.

CONVOCATION

BRUCE BAILLIE, Filmmaker

In person to present four of his films:

Quixote

Castro Street

All My Life

Valentin De Las Sierras

Friday, March 5, 1971

12:15 p.m.

Main Ballroom, Coffman Memorial Union

Sponsored by the Campus Committee on Convocations and the Arts

No admission charge

UC . BERKELEY